
THE
HISTORY
OF

MISS DELIA STANHOPE.

VOL. II.

LETTER XLI.

To Miss DORINDA BOOTHBY,

SIR *Charles* a little upon the absent this morning, visibly chagrined---If I am his friend, why this reserve? But his notions are so delicate, he loves to communicate pleasure, but will not let those he loves share his grief---His sadness is, nevertheless, infectious; it is the first uneasy moment I have experienced since I came to this abode of peace and friendship---

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Nothing

Nothing but female curiosity, I hope, that makes me so anxious to be let into his secrets---He is an unaccountable creature!---So warm an esteem as he professes for me, yet not a hint of love, but by his assiduity, his watchful care, to prevent my very wishes---Why this mysterious behaviour, I wonder?---What can you guess will be my future fate with regard to him? Surely there is more than friendship in his tender attachment---but time, patience, and all that---We shall see---Adieu---Dinner bell summons me to the agreeable society of the Worthies.

Wednesday, Four o'Clock

The mystery is partly unravelled---A letter from his uncle, a summons to town---Shocking enough, this; but yet there is something else unrevealed, by what I can collect from some hints he dropt, that more deeply affects him---O, Paradise what wilt thou be without my *Adam*!---Shall I tempt him, by my blandishments, to disobedience---What are the commands of an uncle, when set in competition with mine!---If I do but say to him, in the gentle voice of Love, pray, Sir *Charles*, favour us a little longer with your agreeable company: You had planned out for us some delightful, rural excursions, and will you leave us before they are executed?--Can you be so cruel, Sir *Charles*?---Then a tender look, an insinuating smile---But I believe I must not put him to so severe a trial---Go, then, most amiable of your sex, since it must be so: yet how



how, alas! shall I reconcile myself to the thoughts of your absence.

O, Heavens! he has sent to request my company; he waits for me at the entrance of the Park---What can he want? Flutter'd to death---An explanation----I expire at the thought.

Wednesday Evening.

Even so, *Dorinda*---My stars! what a conversation---He has made an open avowal of his love, and O! with what fervour, what glowing eloquence!---but then at my feet he told me the unsurmountable bars that were between him and his eagerly desired happiness---The situation of his embarrassed fortune, the obligations he has to his uncle, his honour engaged by a promise he rashly made him, before he knew me, to be guided by him in his choice---This same uncle, one of the most ambitious men in *England*, tenacious of his Prerogative--highly prejudiced in favour of rank and fortune---His nephew, the only remaining hope of his family---to enable him to make a distinguished figure in life, his whole, his constant study---has already---(O these meddling old men!---entered into treaty with Lord *Murray*, in order to bring about an alliance between his only daughter, a rich heiress, and my amiable Sir *Charles*, who he has wrote for on that account---Not the least doubt of his chearful compliance---The young Lady handsome, and highly accomplished---O, *Dorinda*, where is there the least room for hope!---My

lover besought my direction and advice---I am your's, said he; dispose of me as you think proper. Tell me, O thou dearer to my heart than I can express, what shall I do?---Teach me how to act in a situation so embarrassing---Highly as I value my uncle's favour and friendship, yet what are these, what all other considerations, however prudent, when set in competition with your love!---Let me be a beggar---But added he, with emotion, can I think of involving my *Delia* in my ruin---Forbid it, Heaven;---I was silent, nor could I conceal how greatly his discourse affected me---But, at last, collecting all my resolution, unwilling to be outdone in generosity, I disinterestedly advised him, and, with all the little eloquence I was mistress of; to enter into his uncle's views---Positively declaring, I never would be his without the consent of his friends, and therefore could not flatter myself with the least hopes of that nature, as it was impossible they should ever comply with an alliance so much beneath his rank and merit---I should never cease to esteem him; and, as the greatest proof I could give of my regard, studied his happiness more than my own---Obliged as I was to some of his worthy family, I should be the most ungrateful creature in the world, could I suffer myself to seduce him from his interest and duty---Should I be an obstacle to the advancement of his fortune? No---He should find me not altogether unworthy of the Friendship he honoured me with; if he would continue me that, I would endeavour to be satisfied, and resigned to my fate---You may believe

lieve, it cost me no small pain, to utter sentiments so foreign to those my heart would have dictated—He listened to me with attention; frequent sighs were all the interruption he gave. A great deal more was said on both sides—But I need not trouble you with particulars—The tender interviews of Lovers are much easier imagined than described—Our parting was mournful; he left me, however, without being able to come to any settled resolution: he will defer his journey two days longer; in that time he hopes to bring himself to some determination—Yet he assured me, it never could be to marry Lady Juliet—Heaven only knows what will be my fate! But my future prospects are none of the most inviting—O, this Love!—Why are people in my situation made capable of feeling that distressing passion? Is it not enough that riches and grandeur are denied, but I must likewise experience all its torments, and so few of its joys? With a mind greatly disquieted, I subscribe myself yours,

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T T E R XLII.

To the SAME.

TO-MORROW morning!—(O, why does time fly with such cruel swiftness!)—my dear Sir Charles bids us adieu. I have had a second private conversation with him; he is at last resolved to reveal his passion to his uncle,

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and

and trust the event to his generosity, and the great affection he has ever professed for him—A weak foundation ; but I would not damp his hopes, though I dare not entertain any myself, from what promises nothing but disappointment—

I am continually reproaching myself for having secrets, which yet I have not courage to communicate to the amiable Mrs. *Grandison*, though she treats me with the most unreserved confidence—O, heavens, *Dorinda*, what a cavalcade is here, beaux and belles innumerable !—Who on earth can they be ?—Somebody at my room door—

It was Sir *Charles*, almost out of breath. He told me his uncle was just arrived, Lord *Murray*, Lady *Juliet* too, and a young Gentleman, their relation—He begged me to put on all my charms ; but added, pressing my hand—you are, you cannot help being lovely—If my uncle has eyes, he must approve my choice—I very much doubt that ; but we shall see—Adieu, I am all trembling emotion ; what a scene am I going to be engaged in—This Lady *Juliet* handsome !—O, what constancy can withstand beauty, perhaps far more attractive than mine, and a fortune so superior !—Yet let me not, uncontested, give up so valuable a prize as his heart—Yes, I will have one struggle for it—No ornaments shall be wanting ; if I must be eclipsed, let me, at least, have nothing to reproach myself with.

Two o'Clock.

Dressed with an appearance of negligence, yet nothing omitted than can, without a too visible study,

study, serve to set off my person to the greatest advantage. I need not make my appearance till dinner; I have no concern in this visit---No concern? did I say. O heavens! would I had not---Sir *Charles* has been with me again; how tenderly solicitous for my peace---I blushed while I asked his opinion of Lady *Juliet*---Handsome, really a fine woman, was the answer---But, to remove my apprehensions, added, taking my hand with a tender air, Why do you question me on this subject? I have no feeling, no eyes but for the charms of my *Delia*---It may be so, yet I thought there was too much vivacity, both in them and his manner, more than I could have wished on such an occasion, when the uncertainty of his fate might naturally have depressed his spirits-----Mine have absolutely deserted me. What an inanimate figure shall I make amongst the joyful throng---But hark---O heavens, I am summoned, how I tremble!---Now for this redoubtable Lady *Juliet*.

Adieu.

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T T E R XLIII.

To the SAME.

I Thought how it would be---Absolutely an angel---Shall I describe her---O, my ill-fated stars, that ever so painful a task was allotted me---Glittering in all the splendor of dress, laylock and silver---Her head ornaments inimitably be-

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coming---

coming-- The instant she struck my sight, I gave up every shadow of hope---Tall and genteel; a graceful carriage; something that speaks her rank, and at the first glance convinces one she is a person of distinction---Yet really, to do her justice, not a great deal of haughtiness, considering her quality---Her face oval, fine black eyes, dark hair, good teeth, a dimple when she smiles, eye-brows finely arched, a sensible expressive countenance too; if her face is deficient in any thing, it is the want of an enlivening bloom---A little, though scarce perceptibly, marked with the small-pox too-----Defects these, however, that I fear none but the eyes of jealousy could discover---O, *Dorinda*, after this, if I could be so weak as to flatter myself with delusive hopes, what excuse could even your friendship make for my folly?---Why was Sir *Charles* so precipitate?---Could he not have had patience, till he had seen this fair creature, before he revealed his love; then might he have forsaken me, and yet left me no room to reproach him-----With trembling steps I entered the dining room; but how greatly was I disconcerted, when I saw Sir *Charles* placed near my too charming rival, listening to her with evident marks of smiling approbation. They arose, however, on my entrance, and the Lady paid her compliments to me with great politeness---My ever amiable Mrs. *Grandison* kindly took my hand, and presented me to her guests, as a young Lady for whom she had the highest regard. This was sufficient to procure me a good reception---But how little consolation did that give me, while I observed

observed Sir *Charles*, with what I could not help thinking an insulting indifference, resume his conversation with Lady *Juliet*---I was convinced too (for it was not in nature to keep my eyes from wandering towards them) that I was the subject. The Lady examined me with uncommon attention; what he said I don't know, but I thought I could observe an air of gravity take place on her late smiling countenance---Dinner prevented farther observations of this nature. I was spitefully pleased that they were then obliged to sit at a greater distance from each other---The young Gentleman that accompanied them, one Mr. *Stuart*, a kind of *Wit-wou'd*, sat next me, and paid due attention to all I said and did---I took that opportunity of making reprisals, and pride assisting, in some measure, to raise my late dejected spirits, practised a little refined coquetry, just enough to make the swain persevere in his assiduities, and, as I hoped, to convince Sir *Charles*, that a conquest like me was not to be maintained without a little more pains than he seemed inclined to bestow on it. Coffee over, Lady *Juliet* proposed a ramble in the Park---Lord *Murray* and Sir *Edward Grandison* chose not to go---I really believe the latter was dying with curiosity to know who I was---I am convinced it would be the first question he would ask his sister---The younger part of the company, however, agreed to her Ladyship's proposal---With an air really engaging enough, she took hold of my arm---I do not know, said she, whether we had not better exclude the male creatures from our party---I think a *tête a tête* will be preferable

ferable to their impertinence---A female *tête à tête* ! cried Mr. *Stuart*, laughing ; heavens what an idea does that convey ! I beseech you, Lady *Juliet*, never think of entering upon such an undertaking ; you will never be able to go through with it---I could propose a far more lively scheme, since you are for a duet---Let me, if you please, make a more agreeable regulation. If this Lady (added he, attempting to take my hand) would honour me with her company, I will do my endeavours to amuse her---You amuse her, cried Lady *Juliet* ; prithee, honest friend, do not think of so fruitless an attempt---Take my word for it, you stand not the least chance of succeeding---Miss *Stanbope* has, or ought at least to have convinced you, that your wit will be but an ill match for her's. I think, if I am not much mistaken, you did not make so bright a figure as one could wish, on the subject you had the presumption to engage in with her after dinner---Be a little more humble, for the future, and we will give you leave to attend us ; make the best use of so favourable an opportunity of improvement---He bowed, and we proceeded in our walk. The conversation, particularly on their part, was very lively. Lady *Juliet* did not spare her brisk cousin ; which he, however, took in very good part, declaring, if it was not for her smartness, he should not have an opportunity of displaying half his wit ; but she obliged him to exert it all, in order to defend himself against her spirited raillery---Sir *Charles*, and my Ladyship, were, you may believe, at least I can answer for myself, not quite so much at ease,

ease, as to enjoy or join in their vivacity—After our return from the little excursion, the company sat down to cards—I excused myself from being of the party—Sir Charles wished, I thought, to get an opportunity of speaking to me, without being observed; but he watched for it in vain—And I am now returned to my apartment, in the utmost doubts and perplexity—If he proves inconstant—Yet was it not my own advice, that he should be obedient to his uncle—What—Did I then only make a false parade of my disinterested friendship?—No, I will still convince him, that I can act nobly—She must, this envied Lady Juliet—Where, alas, is the remedy!—She must be his—I will persevere in my refusal—What do I say, perhaps he may never again be in my offer—But no matter—’Tis for his interest and happiness, that he should not; this thought shall console me—I see, too plainly, there is nothing to be hoped for, from Sir Edward; he, no doubt, knows my history by this time, and that I am only an humble dependant. Mortifying thought!—Let me not indulge it—He is a man, Dorinda, who will, I am sure, be the last person in the world, that would excuse an imprudent passion—Proud and imperious, as I can already observe. I had a great proof of his haughtiness, in the distant and stately manner with which he treats his domestics, who approach him with such servile reverence, as if he was a being of superior order—I absolutely conceived a kind of antipathy from the first moment I saw him, and if my fate depends on him, I see but too clearly, what I am to expect—Adieu, I am

am weary of all these disagreeable reflections---
Believe me,

Yours,

DELIA STANHOPE.

LETTER XLIV.

To GEORGE RAMSEY, *Esq;*

TO what a perplexing situation am I reduced! O, *George*, can you think of no expedient to extricate me from this dilemma?---I could not keep my resolution---Is it possible to be guided by prudence, yet love as I do?---I have revealed to her my passion, and flatter myself she is not insensible to it---Yet, with what noble generosity did she, studious of my interest, urge me to conquer it---To conquer it!---Heavens does she believe it possible!---No, while I have life I cannot cease to adore her; for do I not every moment discover new beauties both in her mind and person---But then this uncle of mine---Gratitude, honour---Every thing opposes my felicity---He wrote to me some time ago, and with all the transport of gratified ambition told me, he was negotiating an alliance between me and the only daughter of Lord *Murray*---That Nobleman I was acquainted with, but Lady *Juliet*, of whom he gave the most flattering description, was, when I returned from my travels, gone to the *German Spa* with her mother, (who died there,) where she went
for

for the recovery of her health, so that I had never seen the fair object on whom he bestowed so many encomiums---He told me, too, there was not the least doubt of his Lordship's accepting me for his son, as he should take care to make my fortune suitable to my rank, which would leave no room for objections; he desired my presence in town immediately on the receipt of his letter, that no time might be lost in concluding an affair, on the success of which, he, for my sake, so much interested himself. You may imagine how agreeable this summons must be to one who loved like me---I could not conceal my grief on the occasion, nor any longer act up to the cool character of friendship I had assumed---The restraint was too painful, I acknowledged my passion---And O, with what amiable confusion did she listen to the soft avowal!---On what could I resolve?---Almost had I come to a resolution of revealing this dear secret of my heart to Sir *Edward*---But while I deliberated---Judge what was my surprize, on the sight of my uncle, accompanied by Lord *Murray*, and his really charming daughter; who, having long, it seems, proposed a visit to Mrs. *Grandison*, between whom and that family there has ever been a great intimacy, unfortunately for me, thought proper to make it at this critical time, when I was so little prepared for such guests---Lady *Juliet* is extremely handsome---But were she an Angel, my choice is fixed. A heart truly in love is incapable of inconstancy; at least I feel my nature a stranger to that levity---But how shall I act? How pay that respect
to

to Lady *Juliet* which is due to her, without alarming my *Delia*? I think I can already discover a coldness in her manner, of which I never before had reason to complain---How groundless are her suspicions. O why will she not be more just to her charms, than to believe it possible those who have once truly loved her can ever cease to do so?---I must remove her needless fears. But in what manner?---In vain I watch for an opportunity of speaking to her in private. These impertinent visitors---How delightful was our situation till they arrived---This gaudy fop, too, this tinsel toy---But surely my *Delia* has too just a taste---A creature so insignificant---Yet, I own, I am weak enough to be uneasy at the assiduous attention he pays her---She listens to him, too---How can she bear his gross flattery?---Did I not believe her above her sex's foibles, I should dread the shewy attractions of this empty animal; a creature so formed for the favour of the generality of women---But can my *Delia*---No, I will be more just to myself than but to imagine she could give the preference---The preference---By my soul I cannot bear the mortifying thought---Is he a fit object of jealousy?---Our guests propose staying here a week longer. In that time---But I shall never come to any settled resolution---Would to heaven I might have the good fortune to prove disagreeable to Lady *Juliet*, and that she would refuse me---What do I say? refuse me---Is it in nature I should ever put it in her power?---This cursed matrimony---

ny---But for it, I should have nobody to oppose my felicity---Farewel, I am interrupted.

Yours,

CHARLES BRUDNELL.

L E T T E R XLV.

To Miss DORINDA BOOTHBY.

POSITIVELY, *Dorinda*, I have bid an eternal adieu to coquetry---O, you never knew any body so severely punished, as I have been, for a little innocent flirtation. Hasty wretch-----There is no trifling, I find, with these same *Loveyers*---I was actually on the very brink of losing one captive, by far the most valuable of the two, while I---(What woman ever scrupled at that?)---endeavoured to gain another---Sir *Charles* and I have had a most violent quarrel---The dear creature---When I tell you my suspicions in regard to his constancy were without foundation, you will not wonder that I thus suffer my pen to trifle---But such a lecture as he has read me, against encouraging fops, and insignificant dangles, merely to give pain to the heart that adores me, a heart that had never been mine, but from a belief that I was above the little levities and weak vanities of my sex---O Lord!---Well may men be disappointed when sober matrimony has opened their eyes, since they will thus deify their Mistresses, by dressing them up in ideal perfections, which exist no where but in their own warm romantick imaginations---

Superior

Superior to my sex---In what, I wonder---Alas, Sir *Charles*, if ever we come together, I fear you will find your goddess turn out a mere downright woman at last. I believe I had better not have him, were he in my power, for can I bear the mortifying thoughts of descending---Heavens from what a height!---From an angel to that humble domestic animal, a wife---My stars, what a degradation! Lady *Juliet* is going into the Park, she beckons me to follow her---Adieu.

Monday, Twelve o'Clock.

The sweetest creature in the world!---Already admitted into her confidence---Friends---O you never knew so strict a friendship!---Will, it?---I am not quite clear that I ought--Yet under the caution of secrecy---Come, I will venture to trust you---Somebody says, "if a person cannot keep their own secrets, how should they expect others to do so."---But the revealing this to you, cannot do her any injury---Mention it not again, however I beseech you---A union with Sir *Charles*, is what she dreads as much as me---Her heart has long been disposed of, in favour of another---A man of equal rank and fortune---But an unhappy difference between their fathers; opposite sentiments in politics; some private pique, too; both ambitious; the one's greater interest carrying a point that, both were contending for. From that time, all intimacy ceased between their families; but long ere that the young Lord *Somerfet* and Lady
Juliet

Juliet had exchanged their mutual vows--Till this unhappy breach, neither of the parents opposed their attachment; but now, as if the feelings of the heart were to be directed at pleasure, and fathers had no more to do than command one to love, or hate, as their caprice guides, my new friend was ordered never more to think of, nor see her amiable lover---To this just, and easily complied with request, Lady *Juliet* made no answer, but by her tears and respectful silence---She has still, however, lover like, some hopes that time may bring about a reconciliation, and is determined to make an ingenuous confession to Sir *Charles*, if he should pay his addresses to her, of her prior engagement, leaving it to his generosity, in what manner he will chuse to proceed, in an affair that must determine her future happiness or misery---I think, I may answer for his being no wilful bar to her felicity---But I durst not tell her how rejoiced he would be, to find he can, with honour, disengage himself from an alliance, that his partiality to me has rendered him so averse to---There is a resemblance in our situations, that makes me warmly interest myself in her affairs---Indeed, her fate must, in some measure, determine mine; for there is no shadow of hope, that his uncle will so much as hear of his passion for me, while he has any prospect of this alliance: but when disappointed in that, as I trust he will, it may be some time ere he can fix on another suitable to his ambitious views, and time may produce wonders---O, let me strive to enjoy the present hour, and
not

not look forward to future evils !---I cannot be totally unhappy, while I know my self so tenderly beloved, and by a man so worthy---More company---Sir *William Temple*, his Lady, and daughters, Mrs. *McKenzie* and her's, a Miss *Douglas*, and no less than five beaux---Heavens, what do I see ! A dear read coat, too!--O, let me fly, to welcome a creature so powerfully recommended!--Adieu---We are to have a ball to-night---I prophecy this said hero will have the honour of my ladyship's hand on the occasion---If I continue constant to Sir *Charles*, after so powerful a temptation as these redoubtable regimentals, I shall stand recorded to future ages as a prodigy.

Yours,

DELIA STANHOPE.

LETTER XLVI.

To the SAME.

AN elegant ball---as I foretold; danced with the dear colonel *Craggs*; an amazing pretty fellow---lively chatty, and quite enchanted with his charming partner (that comes of course you know.) Teeth like ivory, perpetually smiling; no mercy on my heart, which, however, I preserved, in spite of his *teeth*, notwithstanding the pains he took to display them--Swears I am the finest woman in *England*; without exception, the most witty too; has in vain escaped unhurt--from siege
and

and battle, since my killing eyes have now given a more fatal wound than any he had reason to apprehend from them---Doomed to lose his liberty amidst his friends, which he had the good fortune to preserve even amidst his surrounding enemies---With a thousand other fine things in the same military stile---Listened to, however, with proper caution; as little of the coquet as it was in the nature of woman to be on so tempting an occasion---Sir *Charles*, my strict observer---Durst I practise all my airs and graces under his scrutinizing eye, remembering, too, his late prudent lecture---To do myself justice, if I was ambitious of shining, it was with the sole view of appearing agreeable to that dear and amiable lover---I believe my endeavours, flowing from a motive so laudible, were not unsuccessful; for though he danced with the charming Lady *Juliet*, I visibly engrossed the principal share of his kind attention---He performed with inimitable grace and ease; not a figure in the room could equal him, for unaffected dignity; his person is elegant to the highest degree---Dressed in taste, too, yet with a sort of negligence that shews he does not too much study to excel in that, to most people, important article---Even my hero blazing in scarlet and gold, though more showy, could not pretend to vie with him in true gentility---Lady *Juliet's* cloaths were immensely well chosen, and no less becomingly put on---My Ladyship's not much inferior in that point; the other Misses mere objects to us, as their partners were to our two inimitable Beaux---Mr. *Stuart* vexed to death

death that the Colonel had engaged me first, intending that honour for himself---Languishing looks, sighs, gentle pressure of my hand; practised all the little insinuating arts he was master of; not much distinguished by the talent of pleasing; rather unsuccessful in that way, to me at least; produced no effect but that of mortifying his partner, who found herself neglected, and for one, too, who did not seem to set any very great value on the distinction---After the ball an elegant entertainment---O, I shall amaze you, when I tell you I am become an immense favourite with Sir *Edward*---Positively insisted on walking a minuet with me---had not performed one for many years---I believe not; but charms like mine could work miracles---I wish, then, they could cure him of his ambition---Felt a renewal of youth while he gazed on me---I do not know what foundation there was for this flaming compliment; but it is certain he danced *à merveille*, considering it is some time since he had a lesson---A graceful figure for his age---Sir *Charles*'s eyes sparkled with pleasure at this, and the several other proofs his uncle honoured me with of his partiality---In our situation, every flattering circumstance is magnified into hopes of success; and these dear hopes, however, improbable, had a visible effect on both our spirits---Never had I seen my lover so engagingly lively--He whispered me once, when Sir *Edward*, with looks of approbation, seemed to be praising me to Lord *Murray*, as they stood making their remarks on the dancers---We shall yet be happy; my *Delia*'s charms are irresistible! cultivate

vate the favourable impression my uncle has received of you; he tenderly pressed my hand, and I smiled a gracious answer--- But, after all, *Dorinda*, let me not trust to deceitful appearances, which will only augment the misery of a disappointment---Sir *Edward*, favourable as he may now think of me; would soon change his opinion, did he know that I presumed to raise my ambitious views to an alliance with his nephew---Is it to be expected, that he will ever give up the long projected hope of aggrandizing his family for my sake?---No, I must not look forward to impossibilities; yet the prospect is so charming, that I can hardly prevail on myself to conquer the delusive folly. Adieu.

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T T E R XLVII.

To the SAME.

OUR yesterday's guests have taken their leave, all but the dear Colonel, who stays with us till *Monday*---O, *Dorinda*, on that fatal day, my friend, my lover, the amiable Sir *Charles*, and the rest of our agreeable party, will likewise bid us adieu!---Heaven knows what may be the consequence of our separation! Lady *Juliet* is not more easy than myself---I am impatient for the event, and yet, alas, my fate will be but too soon determined; Sir *Edward* has, early this morning, had a private conference with his nephew; asked his opinion of Lady

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Juliet,

Juliet, told him Lord *Murray* gave his consent, every thing was to be settled when they arrived in town—Sir *Charles* tells me, he hardly knew what answer he made—Stammered out some incoherent praises of the Lady, talked, but in the utmost confusion, of an alliance that that he allowed to be so every way advantageous and honourable—His uncle either did not observe, or would not take notice of his emotions; but suffered him, sooner than he expected, to disengage himself from so embarrassing a conversation—He came immediately in search of me, and luckily found me alone: the intelligence he brought, was not, you may believe, the most agreeable, yet his repeated vows of constancy, a good deal diminished my apprehensions; to keep up, however, the disinterested character I had assumed, I again endeavoured to persuade him, that he ought to conquer a passion so imprudently placed; a passion, by which he was in such danger of forfeiting his uncle's friendship. I said a good deal upon this head, but I must own, with less fervour, than in our last conversation on that subject; he was, nevertheless, a little offended—Accused me of indifference; it was plain, he said, I set but small value on a heart that I could so easily resign in favour of another—Was it the gay Colonel, or my more insignificant admirer, that had wrought this mortifying change? Could I, with so much ease, sacrifice the man, who had so long, so constantly adored me

me, to rivals, that could not, in so very short an acquaintance, have given more proofs of the sincerity of their passion?—I was angry, in my turn, at his unjust, his cauteless jealousy—But by his tender endearments, he soon obtained my pardon; and we separated with a mutual promise, to live only for each other, let what would be the consequence.

I am sent for; Lady *Juliet*, Sir *Charles*, the Colonel, Mr. *Stuart*, and your *Delia*, are going to take an airing on horseback—The day is delightfully pleasant—Lord *Murray* and Sir *Edward* are engaged at piquet—My amiable Mrs. *Grandison*, more commendably employed than any of us, in making some visits of charity, as is her daily custom—Adieu.

One o'Clock.

A divine airing! Lady *Juliet* a perfect *Diana* on horseback! The gay Colonel, paid me the same compliment. Sir *Charles*, ever graceful and elegant, never appears to greater advantage; excels in horsemanship, which, as well as every other manly exercise, he has made his peculiar study—But adieu, I shall hardly have time to change my dress before dinner.

Yesterday a visit from some young Ladies in the neighbourhood; spent most of the afternoon in agreeable rambles; in the evening a little concert—Sir *Charles* one of the principal

pal performers—Lady *Juliet* too—Sir *Edward* in raptures with my voice; obliged me to sing his favourite song—

Let ambition fire thy mind—

several times over—Praised me immoderately; says, he would not wish for a greater happiness, than to have constantly near him such an agreeably warbling syren, to sooth his passions into composure—If he goes on in this manner, he will absolutely become an immense favourite, in spite of my prejudice on his first appearance—O, *Dorinda*, how swiftly, how agreeably do the hours wing their flight! Can I bear the thoughts of that cruel day, that is to rob me of all these joys?—I dare not look forward—Lady *Juliet* has just left me; I have promised to follow her to the library—We are going to make shell-flowers; Sir *Charles* is to read to us while we are at that employment. The Colonel is writing; our other beau is gone to try his success amongst the finny tribe, finding in vain to lay any more baits for our hearts—Adieu.

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

To JOHN HARVEY, *Esq*;

YOUR last letter, my valuable friend, has greatly alarmed me---Should my son once more dispose of his heart, without my consent, and that to a foreigner, a Catholic too, I never could pardon his breach of duty---I have other views for him---They are for his happiness. I will not always indulge his caprice and perverseness---It is now his turn to yield---My resolution is unalterably fixed; since his ungovernable passions have ever opposed his true felicity, we must force him to be happy, in spite of himself---With the Lady I have chosen he cannot fail to be so---Would he were as worthy of her, as her numberless perfections render her of him---Return, my worthy friend; the intent of your journey is partly answered---He begins at last to hear reason. Come then and receive the warmest acknowledgements for obligations, that it never will be in my power to repay---Believe, however, my heart glows with the warmest gratitude---Be so obliging as to deliver the inclosed letter to my son---and as soon as you conveniently can, hasten your journey to *England*. I long to embrace, to thank you in person for your generous behaviour. May my *Harry* at length prove

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worthy

worthy of your friendship. Farewel, most amiable of men. I cannot exprefs with what sincere esteem I am your obliged,

EDWARD MOUNTAGUE.

L E T T E R

To HENRY MOUNTAGUE, *Esq.*

“ BEFORE you proceed far in this letter,
 “ prepare yourself, my son, to pay that obe-
 “ dience to its contents, which is due to a pa-
 “ rent, ever tenderly indulgent even to your
 “ faults—Summons your resolution—Call duty,
 “ call religion to your aid, and then prepare to
 “ yield a chearful obedience to my just com-
 “ mands—Commands, not arbitrarily imposed,
 “ but meant to secure your happiness—Long
 “ have I dispensed with the prerogative nature
 “ gives me—Long pitied, and endeavoured to
 “ excuse your weakness—But it is now full
 “ time you should rouse yourself, and prepare
 “ to reward my condescension, by exerting those
 “ talents I have so impatiently wished to see dis-
 “ played—No longer then disappoint my ex-
 “ pectations; you are yet young, it is never
 “ too late to reform—Hear me with attention,
 “ and let me find in you that docility which
 “ gratitude, which duty requires—It was the
 “ will of heaven, some time after you left me,
 “ to add to my afflictions, by depriving me
 “ likewise

likewise of a most worthy and valuable friend.
On his death-bed, he recommended to my
protection, a fair and only daughter: Be a
father to her, said the expiring parent; could
it be by an alliance with your amiable son,
my utmost wishes would be gratified. He
took the hand of the weeping, lovely maid,
and presenting her to me, It is my last request,
I again repeat it, I conjure you, by our sacred
friendship, be a father to my hapless orphan
—He died—Nor shall he find me unworthy of
the important trust. That charming daugh-
ter shall be mine; she every hour appears
more worthy of my tender care, my high-
est affections—Of her have I made choice,
to reward you, my son, for the sufferings
of a first ill placed, unfortunate attach-
ment—She is beautiful beyond your most
sanguine wishes; virtuous and amiable;
accomplished to the highest degree of per-
fection—in short, admired and esteemed
by all—You, *Harry*, must be added to
that number—My resolution is unalterably
fixed—As you value my peace, as you ex-
pect my blessing, do not oppose my inten-
tion—Do not, as you have but too often
done, refuse the happiness that now courts
your acceptance — The lovely *Sophia* al-
ready entertains a partiality for her future
husband—There is no retracting—I can-
not believe you capable of offering such an
indignity to her charms, as to refuse the
sweetly virtuous maid, who is encouraged
to expect in you a lover sensible of her

“merit---I know your rash and unjustifi-
 “ble vow will be pleaded as an objection
 “—But know, my son, such vows are
 “highly displeasing in the sight of Hea-
 “ven. You have no right to continue sin-
 “gle, a useless member of society---If then,
 “which we cannot doubt, it was a crime
 “to make one so rash, does not the wilful-
 “ly continuing in it aggravate the fault?
 “There is no other way to expiate your
 “guilt, but to repent your hasty, *then* unpre-
 “meditated error--- The sin of breaking a
 “criminal vow, is certainly less than keep-
 “ing it--- The situation of your mind at
 “that time, when your senses were all in
 “disorder, and reason seemed to have lost
 “her dominion, will certainly meet with in-
 “dulgence, if, now that reason is return-
 “ed, you make use of it to atone for your
 “fault—I have wrote to your worthy, your
 “generous friend: I have desired him to
 “prepare for your return to *England*---Do
 “you, *Harry*, so ill repay my affection, as
 “to come with reluctance!---I would hope
 “not—Let me, my ever dear son, find you
 “at last worthy that true regard with which
 “I am

Yours,

EDWARD MOUNTAGUE.”

L E T.

LETTER XLIX.

To EDWARD MOUNTAGUE, *Esq.*

AH, Sir! what is it you require of me? — Good heavens! this is indeed a trial. I must either disobey a parent whom I so affectionately revere, whose just commands I so ardently wish to fulfil, or else!—But it cannot be—Yet, believe me, Sir, I would die to manifest my duty, if that would satisfy you—But for this dreaded marriage—No, it is impossible—It is not in nature to comply—That vow, the obligation of which you endeavour to invalidate, is to me most sacredly binding; nor can your strongest arguments convince me, that it would not be the highest crime, in the sight of that Heaven I so solemnly invoked, were I—Ah! I tremble at the thought—No, nothing shall force me to break it—It is past; but were I even free, I should still be unable to comply with your commands—Alas, Sir, my affections are buried with my poor departed bride—Never, never will I love another. If the young Lady is worthy, as you describe her, how ungenerous should I be, did I seek to make her mine—To unite her to misery—I have no heart to give—Ah, then let the charming maid distinguish some more deserving, happier youth, who can repay her tenderness; let her no longer honour, with an

ill-placed regard, the unfortunate *Mountague*, who can make no return—Pity me, Sir—I have long been miserable, and could not have believed how greatly it might be encreased, till I was thus again compelled to disoblige you—But there is no remedy—You ask me impossibilities—Perhaps, when I have thus ventured to tell you how remediless my sorrows are, how determined my resolution to continue single, ever faithful to the memory of my love, you will compassionate, instead of condemning, my involuntary disobedience—I feel with gratitude, your generous goodness, your solicitude to render happy a wretch, who is, alas, but little entitled to your fruitless care—Ah, my father—How could you cruelly hint a doubt of my readiness to return? How doubt my affection? You know not with what pleasure, the only one I am capable of enjoying, I shall ever obey your just, and, when they are possible, your every command—I come, then, Sir, and that with all the eagerness of filial love; I hasten to embrace my parent, my indulgent father; to implore his pardon for a resolution which I cannot alter. We are already preparing for our journey----Let me intreat you, Sir, to receive me with your usual tenderness---In every thing but this dreaded marriage you shall ever find me

Your most dutiful and affectionate

HENRY MOUNTAGUE.

LET-

L E T T E R L.

To Miss DORINDA BOOTHBY.

THEY are gone *Dorinda*---What words can describe the parting scene between Sir *Charles* and me!---At his desire I met him in the Park, very early in the morning---Indeed, I found no difficulty in keeping the appointment, as I had not closed my eyes the whole preceding night---We projected a thousand different plans for his conduct when he arrived in town, where the most fatal trial of his constancy was to commence, yet could not come to any settled determination---O how tenderly soothing was his behaviour and conversation, and with what infinite regret did we at last oblige ourselves to separate!---When we imagined the rest of the company would be assembled, he led me to the house---I retired to my apartment, where I endeavoured to compose myself before I joined our guests---I could not boast of much success in this attempt---My countenance wore an air of languor and melancholy, which I hoped, however, if observed, would be attributed to my sorrow at parting with Lady *Juliet*, who expressed so much friendship for me, that that alone might justly cause my sadness, at the thoughts of losing her agreeable company---In reality she had no small share in it, as I greatly esteem her many engaging qualities---None of us were very gay at breakfast; we had all some reason for

for gravity---Mr. *Stuart* affected it on my account ; the Colonel, as a man of universal gallantry, could do no less, after all the fine things he had said to me; but Lady *Juliet*, Sir *Charles*, and I, were plunged in real sober sadness---When the carriages made their appearance, I was obliged to go to the window, to hide my emotions: Sir *Charles* followed me, and, in the most soothing manner, endeavoured to raise my drooping spirits. Lady *Juliet* joined us while he spoke. She embraced, and assured me of the continuance of her friendship and esteem---Mr. *Stuart* sighed out a mournful adieu; while the gay Colonel swore he should not enjoy a moment's felicity when banished from my divine presence; vow'd himself my champion, and would, he said, defend my unrivalled beauty against every one that dared to dispute it---I will not presume to offer myself as your Knight, said Sir *Edward*, smiling, since this hero will sufficiently maintain your cause; but I will do more---The Colonel has not told you how long he designs to wear your chains, and Gentlemen of his cloth are not much famed for constancy. If you will give me leave, it shall be my task to provide you a slave for life---What say you, sister? (turning to her) I love to promote matrimony; and, if you have no objections, will find out a husband for your fair ward---He took my hand---I smiled an answer, for I had not spirits to make any other. They took their leave, Mrs. *Grandison* attending them to the coach---Sir *Charles* was the last that left the room: What an expressive
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five look did he give me, while, deeply sighing, he reluctantly followed!--I flew to my apartment; the windows were open; Lady *Juliet* saw me; she kissed her hand---My lover and the Colonel followed in a post-chaise; his eyes were fixed on me till the envious carriage conveyed him from my sight---A burst of tears then came to my relief, which I was not, however, long suffered to indulge, being soon after summoned to attend Mrs. *Grandison*---How painful was this restraint---All my fortitude and resolution were not sufficient to conceal my emotions from her---She talked of our late guests; and, with amiable frankness, told me, what she supposed a secret---The intended marriage between Lady *Juliet* and her nephew---What conversation for me!--She asked my opinion of the Lady---I did justice to her merit---She attentively watched my looks---I could not help blushing---She fixed her penetrating eyes on my face---My confusion increased---I am your friend, said she, with an air more than usually serious: Hereunto I have seen nothing in you but what has confirmed my esteem; but take care, Miss *Stanhope*, I have very delicate notions---If you have repaid my unlimited confidence with unjust reserve, I shall not easily forgive such a breach of friendship: this is a very tender point with me---I would hope---I am not of an ungenerous nature, yet you certainly treat me as if you believed me so---You have secrets, Miss *Stanhope*, I am convinced you have, and you do not think me worthy of your confidence---
O, Ma-

O, Madam ! cried I, casting myself at her feet, I dare not---Alas, I am undone ! I have forfeited your esteem, my only friend!--To whom shall I now fly for protection!--You will despise, you will hate me for my presumption ; but, be the consequence what it will, I can no longer be ungrateful to your unmerited goodness---No, Madam, you shall know all my folly and indiscretion---Sir *Charles*---Rise, my dear, interrupted she ; I have long suspected this ; but I am more offended at your unjust reserve (I cannot bear the least appearance of deceit) than at your imprudent passion. Imprudent I must call it, my friend ; for, indeed, I fear there are unsurmountable obstacles to your mutual wishes---His uncle will never consent---And his own fortune---Some part of mine will, indeed, be his at my death ; but I would hope neither of you are so ungenerously selfish as to wish for that event ; which, however, if he disoblige my brother, will be his chief dependance ; a dependance by far too trifling for him to support the rank he was born to---I interrupted her, with an assurance how little I would wish for an alliance with him on such melancholy terms---She paused for some time---At last, My nephew, resumed she, is infinitely dear to me ; nothing in my power shall be omitted to promote his happiness. I own, too, that you are worthy of his love ; Heaven seems to have formed you for each other---I know too well the force of that passion, added she, sighing, and how much a union of hearts is to be preferred to the mercenary views that govern the

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the generality of mankind, not to sympathize with you both ; yet I must not flatter you with groundless hopes—All I can do for Sir *Charles* is to intercede with my brother, if the projected alliance does not take place—That it does not, will be his own fault, and a fault that, I fear, will never be forgiven by Sir *Edward*—Disappointed in an event which he so warmly interests himself in, that will, I fear, be a very unseasonable time to plead in favour of a passion, which, besides all other objections, was the very cause of his disappointment. In short, my dear girl, I can see no probability—O, Madam, interrupted I, it is not only improbable, but absolutely impossible--But spare me on this disagreeable subject—Honour me with the continuance of your friendship and protection, never more shall you have cause to reproach me with dissimulation or reserve—A gratitude, which is too great to be expressed, shall from henceforward govern all my actions—I cannot say that I will cease to love Sir *Charles* ; that is out of my power—but I will sacrifice my passion to his interest, and the obligations I owe to you—I will write immediately, and do you, Madam, use your influence over him—Let us endeavour to persuade him to this alliance, so suitable to his rank, and the wishes of his friends—No matter what I suffer—He cannot, must not be mine—Tears were in my eyes, in spite of all my efforts to prevent them—My pride was hurt, and that, in some measure, supported my spirits—Mrs. *Grandison* praised my generosity ; but I did not find myself in a humour to be pleased with her commendations—

I left

I left her a good deal humbled—I don't know why, neither ; she was certainly very kind and obliging—This want of fortune, to how many mortifications does it subject one !—O, this vile money ! the root of all evil, as it is too justly called, why is it then such an universal idol !—Of how little consequence is a woman who has not that powerful charm to recommend her !—I will this instant write to Sir *Charles* ; I am half angry with him, too, yet surely he never gave me cause—But no matter ; this resentment, just or unjust, will assist me to put my design in practice—I am determined, alas ! Am I not rather compell'd, to resign him to my rival ?—Adieu.

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T T E R L I.

To Sir CHARLES BRUDNELL.

SIR,

MY undissembled partiality for you has too great an effect on my behaviour, to be able longer to conceal it from the penetrating eyes of my benefactress. I have at last made a confession, which gratitude ought, ere now, to have extorted from me. Yet she has had the goodness to pardon a reserve that did injustice to that obliging friendship she has ever been pleased to honour me with—A generosity that excites my emulation—Shall I alone be deficient in this noble quality ! No, Sir, love has too long made me selfish, it is time I should give
some

some little—O, let me not call it little—Alas, the sacrifice I am going to make—But you know my heart, and if you are sensible as I am of the value of yours, will be able to judge of the struggle it costs me to resign it in favour of another; but it must be so; your interest, which is dearer to me than my own, the obligation I owe your family, a thousand powerful motives, urge me to continue in the resolution I have at last made; with what pain I will not say—Never to be yours.—Lady *Juliet* alone is worthy of you—Innumerable obstacles render it impossible I should any longer flatter myself with the delusive hopes I have but too long cherished. What could not your love and eloquence have persuaded me to believe?—But Mrs. *Grandison*, unprejudiced by passion, could not blind me by any of your dear sophistry; she has awakened me from my pleasing dream of happiness, which has already too long deceived me—If you still honour me with that tender friendship you once professed, give me a proof of it, by consenting to the happiness that awaits you; that will indeed oblige me, since, believe me, yours will ever constitute mine—I would say more on this subject, but I feel some symptoms of returning weakness—Why have you so often endeavoured to persuade me, that love purifies and ennobles our nature? Does it not strive, at this very moment, to make me act against my better judgment? If I would listen to its dictates, I should again grow selfish and ungrateful; but I must stifle the murmurs of my refractory heart—O Sir *Charles*, I must not! Alas, I must no longer

longer think of you as a lover !---But your esteem, your dear friendship, let me never be deprived of that, or I shall indeed be miserable ---Adieu.

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T T E R LII.

To Miss DORINDA BOOTHBY.

THIS morning I received the fatal letter that is inclosed ; and am, as you may justly believe, completely wretched---Good heavens---If I should lose him !---But I cannot write. Pity me, for my grief is inexpressible---Adieu.

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T T E R

To Miss STANHOPE.

“ YOU will not, my lovely cruel *Delia*, be,
 “ as you seem to desire, the cause of my death.
 “ The sword of my rival had, before your let-
 “ arrived, done half the work for you : your
 “ intentions are not, however, wholly frustrat-
 “ ed ; your inconstancy, and mortifying-indif-
 “ ference, have given me a deeper wound, than
 “ that I have received from Lord *Somerset*—Be
 “ satisfied—You will now, indeed, never be
 “ mine—Death will soon free you from my
 “ persecutions,

“persecutions, and put an end to my presumptuous hopes—Adieu, perhaps for ever.”

LETTER LIII.

To Miss DELIA STANHOPE.

O My dear friend, what will become of me ! Why did you not honour me with your confidence ? I never suspected that Sir *Charles* was your lover—But this is no time to chide you for your reserve. Had you acted otherwise, it would not have prevented our misfortunes—Good heavens, how sincerely do I sympathize in your distress !—Your’s, did I call it ?—Alas, my friend, my sorrow is, if possible, greater than your’s can be ! The danger of Lord *Somerfet*, who is determined not to fly, let what will be the consequence of the duel ; the rage of my incensed father ; above all, the belief my lover entertains of my inconstancy ; to what a dreadful situation am I reduced—But let me try to give you some particulars of this melancholy affair—My father, soon after our arrival in town, introduced Sir *Charles* to me, as the Gentleman he intended for my future husband, commanding me to receive him as such. I durst make no objections to his choice—He left us together—An explanation ensued ; when I found, to my great joy, that Sir *Charles*’s affections, as well as mine, were pre-engaged—It was, however, with the utmost delicacy, he made this confession—Instead, therefore, of the dreaded

dreaded conversation I expected, we mutually concerted measures to prevent the intended alliance—After a long consultation, I consented that the refusal should be on my part. I promised to speak to my father, when I had collected fortitude enough, to enter on a subject that I knew would draw on me his heaviest displeasure—Yet there was an absolute necessity for it, since neither of our hearts would ever consent to such an union—In the mean time, Lord *Somerſet* was acquainted with the affair that was in agitation, and fired with jealousy, sent a challenge to your lover—Sir *Charles* agreed to meet him, but with no other intention, than to convince him of his error—Lord *Somerſet*, warm and impetuous, would hear no expostulations, and peremptorily insisted on satisfaction, for the pretended injury he had received—The amiable Sir *Charles* repeatedly endeavoured to make him hear reason. but in vain—He was, at last, obliged to put himself in a posture of defence; yet he rather endeavoured to guard himself, than wound his adversary; which he might easily have done, as the passion of the other gave him, who was more cool, many advantages—Some reproaches, however, from his antagonist, at last exasperated the generous Sir *Charles*, and he could no longer command his temper; the event was unfortunate to him, who, I must own, least deserved it—And your amiable lover, (alas, my dear Miss *Stanhope*, how sincerely do I pity you!) was dangerously wounded.—This is all the particulars I have heard of this dreadful affair—I had the account from my maid, who has
seen

seen Sir *Charles*'s servant, that was present when it happened—I have not heard from Lord *Somerset*; he, too, has received a slight wound in the sword-arm. Sir *Edward* is in the deepest affliction. My father is highly incensed against me. There needed not his anger. To be any way the occasion of an affair like this, is alone sufficient cause of misery, without that—All the world—But what is its censure?—My servant is returned—O how I tremble, lest he should bring any fatal news---I sent him to Sir *Charles*---Alas, if he should! which heaven avert---No, my dear, there are still some little hopes of his life---O how fervently do I pray that he may be restored to you---Do not deprive me of some small share in your esteem, though I have been the unfortunate, but innocent, cause of this misfortune---I am no less a sufferer than you, nor are my prospects, let the event be what it will, more promising---Adieu, will you, my dear, condescend to favour me with an answer---I long to hear from you---Little did I think our promised correspondence would have been on such melancholy subjects---Yet do not hate me---Let us mutually endeavour to console each other---Once more adieu; believe me

Your sincerely affectionate

and afflicted friend,

JULIET M.

L E T-

LETTER LIV.

To Miss BOOTHBY.

SURELY I shall at last be hardened to afflictions, for who ever was so exercised with them as I have been!--O my beloved Sir Charles, there wants but your death to complete the measure of my woes, and that, I doubt not, I shall soon have to lament; then will my future days be one continued scene of sorrow---Mrs. Grandison, deeply afflicted with sorrow, is preparing for a journey to town; I am to accompany her in this mournful visit---Alas, I shall not, perhaps, have even the sadly pleasing consolation of bidding him a last, an eternal adieu---I have wrote to him, however---O let him not die in the fatal belief that I am indifferent or inconstant---How could he suspect me?---His cruel reproaches were like daggers to my heart---Yet, did I not, in some measure, deserve them?---What had I to do with the romantic, unnatural, cold advice I affected to give him? Did I not know how much it would pain his generous tender heart?----But I am punished, severely punished-- I am indeed unworthy of a passion that I have but too often dared to trifle with.

Adieu; my grief will not be diverted by writing. To-morrow morning we set out for London. I tremble at the dismal scene I am going to be engaged in. Yours.

DELIA STANHOPE.
LET.

LETTER LV.

To PEREGRINE DELEVALL. Esq.

Paris.

DO not be too much alarmed---Our journey must be delayed some time longer---An accident, but I hope the consequence will not prove fatal---No, I am this moment assured his wounds are not in the least dangerous---Again, then, I entreat you, my good friend, be not too much alarmed.

I have been with your brother; he is so much better, that I can now, with some degree of composure, give you a few particulars of this sad adventure.

The Baron *de Stanville*, uncle to the lovely *Isabella*, was so much prejudiced in favour of Mr. *Mountague*, by the great character that he every where heard of him, that he sought his acquaintance. Intimacy confirmed his esteem. We were frequently at his house---His charming niece was no less partial to my friend, and took great delight in his company---He was equally pleased with her's, and felt for her the tenderest friendship. The sentiments she experienced for him, were, I believe, still more tender; but if she loved, it was without the least hopes of a return---He had made her his confidant. With sadly pleasing attention she listened to his mournful tale, and with the most winning softness endeavoured to console him. She, in her turn, likewise informed him of her distressing situation---
on---

on---Persecuted by a lover who was her aversion---importuned by her friends, and reduced by the arbitrary will of her uncle and guardian, in whose power most of her fortune was, to the cruel, the dreadful alternative, either to wed the man she could not love, or take the veil; for such was the determined resolution of that uncle, whose ambitious views would be answered, either by an alliance so every way advantageous, or the other as hated resource---The Baron himself revealed the affair to Mr. *Mountague*, and seeing his niece gave more attention to what he said, than to any body else, besought him to use his influence over her in behalf of his friend the Count---How well his desires were complied with, you may guess from the opinion your brother has of that Nobleman, as well as his sincere regard for the Lady---Our frequent visits at the Baron's, and the great intimacy between Mr. *Mountague*, and the charming *Isabella*, began to give umbrage to her lover, naturally jealous, and conscious, in spite of vanity, that the former had a thousand advantages which he had no pretensions to---In vain he struggled, from prudent motives, to conceal his hatred and resentment to him, he imagined, his too favoured rival---I saw and warned my friend of his danger, but he was deaf to my remonstrance, determined to rely for safety on his innocence and honour, which left him nothing to reproach himself with---The Count, meantime, was secretly meditating revenge---which I carefully watched to prevent, believing, from his own character, which is none of the bravest, that

that he would endeavour to effect it rather by treachery than a personal rencounter. Had not that been the case, he would doubtless, highly exasperated as he visibly was, and warm in his temper, not have so long delayed demanding satisfaction for the imagined injury---Alas, Sir! what avails all our caution? What is human prudence and forecast?---Heaven had decreed, that all my precautions should prove ineffectual---We were a few days ago, at the Baron's; after dinner, the weather being remarkably fine, the company agreed to enjoy it in the gardens, which are elegant and extensive: my friend, and the fair *Isabella*, insensibly strayed to a different walk from the rest of our party; no body remarked it for some time, nor would it have been taken notice of at all, had we not at last been alarmed by a loud shriek---Every one then, eager to know the cause, ran different ways, endeavouring to find that part of the garden from whence the voice seemed to proceed---I was most affected, half guessing what had happened---Alas, my fears were but too well founded! Chance first directed me to the fatal scene; what a scene!---The lovely *Isabella* lay senseless on the ground, while my friend, almost fainting with loss of blood, was kneeling by her, assiduously endeavouring her recovery, unmindful of his wounds; which, however, almost as soon as I reached them, reduced him to the same condition---The rest of the company now gathered round the---to appearance, lifeless bodies---Still insensible, they were carried to the house; a Surgeon was immediately sent for---

He seemed doubtful at first, whether the wounds would prove mortal or not—But to day he positively assures me, my friend will soon be perfectly out of danger—The young lady is in the deepest affliction; she is so much indisposed, that she has never since been able to leave her apartment—I have had no particulars how this affair happened, but we need be at no loss to guess who was the author of the tragedy—It is, however, on account of the lady's reputation, cautiously concealed from the world; and those who were witnesses to it, have received strict injunctions of secrecy—I have this moment received a message from the fair *Isabella*, desiring my company—I shall from her learn further particulars—Adieu. In my next—For I think it necessary to dispatch this immediately, as you are doubtless uneasy at the delay of our journey: but in my next, I say, you shall have the remaining account of this affair—Meantime be assured, your brother is in no danger.

I am, S I R,

Yours, &c.

JOHN HARVEY.

LETTER LVI.

To the SAME.

Paris.

A Strange event has happened—But I will endeavour, before I tell you what it is, to give you some more particulars as to the immediate

mediate cause of the duel. First, however, as what is most important for you to know, let me assure you, that my friend will, in a few days, be so well recovered, as to undertake our proposed journey without danger.

I told you, in my last, that I was desired to attend the fair *Isabella*—I found only her woman with her, whom she immediately dismissed—Ah, Sir, cried she, when we are alone, (bursting into tears,) do you not regard with horror the unfortunate creature who was the cause of endangering, though innocently, the life of your friend? Tell me, Sir—I dare not trust the favourable reports I have heard—Is he out of danger? Ah, you know not what I have suffered—Good heavens! if he should die—That most lovely, that most amiable of men!—What will become of the miserable *Isabella*? I do not blush, added she, with engaging frankness, to avow my esteem; who can know and not be sensible of his merit? But say, is he likely to recover, or am I doomed to wretchedness?—I assured her he would, in a few days, be perfectly out of danger---Thank heaven, cried she, with fervour, raising her eyes---I shall not then have that most dreadful of misfortunes to lament---She then, with more composure, gave me an account of the conversation in which they were engaged, when the ungenerous Count, who had concealed himself in the garden, rushed upon his unprepared antagonist, whom he dishonourably wounded, without giving him time to defend himself---This conversation was on a subject, which, from delicate motives, she had never,

ver, though in general not reserved to him, ventured to touch on, and was then led to it insensibly-----It was a declaration of her being a Protestant, converted by the unanswerable arguments of an *English* lady, who was drove by misfortunes to seek an asylum in *France*; and being recommended to the friendship of the late Countess her mother, had lived in their family till her affairs being accommodated in *England*, she again returned to her native land, leaving her fair convert deeply convinced of the sacred truth, she had, by the grace of Heaven, so effectually taught her---Nothing could equal their regret at parting; Mrs. *Rowe* was, by her account, a most amiable woman, and loved her with all the affections of a parent, whose place, she some years after her mother's death supplied; but there was an absolute necessity for their separation, which, to this hour, the fair *Isabella* recollects with sorrow---For some time they kept up a constant correspondence; but it ceased at last on the part of Mrs. *Rowe*, to the infinite regret of her charming friend, who is still at a loss to account for her silence---O that she were alive, cried she---That I knew where to find her---Persecuted and driven to the last extremity---In the power of an uncle, who too well knows how to make me obey---Obliged to conceal my religion, which, if once known, would deprive me of every friend---In so distressing a situation I am almost tempted, with that small fortune I can call my own, to seek, in a Protestant country, and her protection, an asylum in my turn---A convent
now,

now, though I have no objection to a retired life, is only fit for those of the *Romish* persuasion; and to marry the Count, ever my aversion, but now detested for his cowardly inhumanity--- Ah, Sir, even to think of that man as a husband is worse than death; for has he not dared to--- In short, I know not what to do---Hapless orphan, that I am, what will become of me?--- She again burst into tears---I was absolutely at a loss what to advise, what to say in her unfortunate and perplexing situation. While I deliberated, she drew a ring of value from her finger. Take it, Sir, said she, in a faltering voice, something tells me I shall never again behold your amiable friend---Bid him wear it for the sake of her, who will ever remember him with the warmest esteem---Do you condemn me for this innocent token of my regard? Ah, Sir, did you know my heart---But it acquits me, and that is sufficient; this is not a time to study unnecessary punctilios---Alas, added she, weeping, I shall soon, though with equal innocence, give, in appearance, greater room for censure---But heaven knows my motives, and will, I trust, protect and be my guide---Farewell, Sir, taking my hand, which she condescended to press between hers, ask me not (seeing me about to speak) an explanation of all this; the mystery will soon be unravelled--- Adieu---I shall never more see your friend, but assure him of my best wishes---You are a good man, Mr. *Harvey*---Pray for me--- Indeed, I stand greatly in need of them--- Alas! my heart has many ties to break---But

Religion must---it will I hope, get the victory---She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and hurried from me into her closet, while I stood lost in amazement, not without some suspicion of what has happened---I delivered her present to my friend, who received it with gratitude, and, in the warmest terms, expressed his friendship for the lovely giver---Next morning---but you will not be much surprized, after the above conversation, when I tell you she was no where to be found, though the most diligent search was made for her---A note was, however, not long since delivered to her uncle; the bearer disappeared before they had leisure to question him from whence he brought it---I have not seen the contents, but he is in deep affliction. As he has not the least suspicion of her change of faith, so he has no thoughts of her chusing *England* for her asylum, and is therefore not so likely to intercept her flight---A number of people are, however, dispatched in search of her---Now, Sir, I must request you, as you regard hapless innocence, as you admire the noble creature who has thus given up family, friends, and fortune, every happiness in life, for the sake of her dearer religion---that you will make diligent enquiries, as any ship arrives from *France*, and endeavour to find out and protect the lovely fugitive---Your generous lady will, I know, rejoice in receiving so bright a guest, a guest so perfectly worthy her esteem---I hope, in a few days, to leave *France*---The Count has absconded, fearing, as he pretends,

tends, the rigour of the law against duelling; but, in reality, more terrified, as I have reason to believe, lest he should meet that punishment from my friend his treachery deserves.—The rest of his family, particularly the agreeable Chevalier, are deeply concerned for what has happened; the latter has made frequent visits to your brother, during his confinement.—To-morrow we propose to return the compliment, that we may take a polite leave of a family, all of whom, except the Count, are highly worthy our esteem.—We ought to rejoice for the lady's sake, our fair wanderer, that the private conversation, though attended with consequences that at first gave us such just apprehensions, was heard by her unworthy lover, as well as that she took her flight before we set off, otherwise the tongue of slander might have injured her reputation, by a suspicion that she had followed the handsome Chevalier, as he is here called.—But as in that conference nothing of that nature was hinted at, and her uncle knows she has never since seen him, though in the same house, I think, in that respect, she will be acquitted.—When the Count returns, her motives, if he chuses to make the discovery, will no longer be a mystery.—Yet scandal is such a reigning vice, that when it is known she is gone to *England*, religion will, I fear, be reckoned but her second inducement.—We this day bid farewell to our obliging host, from whom we have received a thousand civilities.—Were he not so rigid a bigot to his religion, I should have

infinite pleasure in easing his mind, in regard to his charming niece, but I dare not venture to make the discovery—I hope to find her, on my return, happy in your and your lady's protection—I know you will omit nothing in your power to reward her by your kindness, for the noble sacrifice she has made ---Adieu---My respects to your lady; bid her rejoice at the near prospect of seeing again a brother who returns to her with unabated affection---A brother who, though still melancholy, has reaped not a little advantage from his travels.

I am, Sir, yours sincerely,

JOHN HARVEY.

LETTER LVII.

To Miss DORINDA BOOTHBY.

MY letter---My presence---O, let me enjoy the dear belief, that I have, in some measure, been the cause of his recovery!--He is better, *Dorinda*, and I am all ecstasy---Restore him, gracious heaven, and dispose of me as you see best. I am all resignation to your will, only spare his valued life ---He forgives me, too---How endearing was our reconciliation---O, how his generous heart o'erflowed with tenderness!--I have been to pay a visit to Lady *Juliet*---Nothing could equal her joy at seeing me, and the prospect
of

of my lover's amendment---She is sure we shall yet be happy---The father of Lord *Somerset* has, at the importunities of his son, condescended to make the first advances towards a reconciliation between their families---Lord *Murray*, too, begins to relent; the noise the duel has made in the world, and the share his daughter had in it, (never an advantage to a lady's reputation,) make him half inclined to consent to the mutual wishes of the young lovers---Their affairs are in a very happy train; I dare say there are but few remaining obstacles to surmount, before they arrive at the summit of their felicity---Nothing but the obstinacy of a proud old man, who is already half conquered---I rejoice at the prospect of a union so agreeable to the amiable Lady *Juliet*, the man being, by all accounts, so every way worthy of her---I have never yet seen Lord *Somerset*, but by what I have heard, he must be extremely lovely. The only objection that is made to him, is the too great warmth and impetuosity of his temper---An objection, however, that few of our sex make to their lovers; it is a foible that meets with a favourable indulgence from us---Sir *Charles* is no great Philosopher in this respect, and yet I do not remember to have censured him for it---The disappointment of Sir *Edward's* views, in regard to the projected alliance, is lost in the joy of his nephew's recovery---Thus is one bar removed, that opposed our felicity---But what is this one, in comparison of those that still remain---I will not, however, damp my pre-

sent happiness by these reflections; it is sufficient that my lover's life is no longer in danger---Adieu.

DELIA STANHOPE.

LETTER LVIII.

To the SAME.

WHILE I was in town, my dear *Dorinda*, constant engagements with Lady *Juliet* left me scarce a moment's leisure for writing. That dear creature has at last obtained her father's consent to receive Lord *Somerset's* addresses---In a few weeks their novel will be finished, as they generally are, by Matrimony; then no more of the romantic duels, love, and all that, but sober still life, a mere man and wife, to plod on like the rest of their neighbours---Farewell to heroics then. O what a falling off is there!---Yet, bad as it is, I cannot say I should have any violent objections to follow their example---No great hopes of that at present, however---I left my lover perfectly out of danger from any wounds but those my bright eyes have given; these indeed are, I would hope, incurable--- He is to follow me to the grove as soon as he is a little recovered from his weakness --- But he will first---(O heaven! I tremble for the event)---make a confidant of his uncle; a very

a very bad one I fear he will prove--- Mrs. *Grandison*, too, has promised to write in his favour---I am anxious yet dread to hear from him---O *Dorinda*, it is out of nature that he should ever give his consent ---I dare not hope, and yet I feel I shall be greatly disappointed, if he does not. How inconsistent! ---Do you not love my friend for her generous disinterested behaviour to me?---I am sent for---Adieu.

What a charming letter! How warmly has she spoke in my favour---The old *Grecian* must have a heart of adamant, if he can resist such eloquence---Now shall I soon know what Heaven designs for me--- O this suspense! The most dreadful certainty could hardly be more tormenting---But, adieu---I must accompany my friend in a walk---This delightful country!---Only the presence of my amiable Sir *Charles* is wanting to compleat its various beauties!

—Contented all day I could sit by his side,
Where poplars, far stretching, o'er-arch the cool
tide.

Farewel---

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T-

LETTER LIX.

To the SAME.

IT is as I feared; my fate is determined, and every flattering hope is fled for ever---I have just received a letter from Sir *Charles*; his uncle is inexorable---High words passed between them; my lover swore he would no longer be dependant on his precarious friendship; the other was equally enraged, upbraided him with ingratitude; and, in the end, vowed he would marry the first woman he met, to be revenged---They parted in high displeasure on both sides---Sir *Charles* tells me he will be here almost as soon as his letter with a heart as much as ever devoted to my charms, and a constancy that no change or misfortune shall ever be able to shake---Sir *Edward*, narrow-minded wretch! has wrote to my benefactress, cursing my bewitching charms, as he calls them, that have infatuated his nephew, and made him blind to his interest and duty---Endeavours to prevail on her to abandon me---But little does he know the generous nature of my friend---How should he!---Deficient in every amiable virtue, governed only by his avarice and ambition---Mrs. *Grandison* saw and pitied my emotion on the arrival of these cruel letters, and, with all the tenderness of a parent, endeavoured to sooth my grief, assuring me of the continuance of her warmest friendship, and
pro-

protection---She would not, indeed, advise me to accept of Sir *Charles*, should he offer himself in the present situation of affairs-----That, she said, would only be to involve us both in difficulties.

Yet I ought not to despair---Time might produce some favourable change. But we must endeavour to have patience, and not destroy these hopes by our own indiscretion---Alas, *Dorinda*, is there the least room to flatter myself? He is come, I see him at the gate---And that Angel form---How my heart flutters!---His dear presence has dispelled all my fears; it is sufficient, he loves me, he is my friend; what can I ask for more?---Let me fly to welcome this most amiable man---Adieu.

DELIA.

L E T T E R L X.

To the S A M E.

I Can hardly regret his uncle's refusal---But far different is it with Sir *Charles*. All Mrs. *Grandison*'s arguments can hardly persuade him to exert any degree of fortitude on the occasion, though she endeavours to console him with hopes---very distant ones, I fear---that things may yet take a turn more favourable to his wishes---She takes the virtue Patience, for her text, and no body can expatiate on that necessary quality with more elo-

eloquence----I, on the contrary, endeavour to reconcile him to the platonic system--- We shall certainly make a philosopher of him between us, though at present he has equal objections, both to the stoical insensibility she contends for, and the very refined sentimental passion I pretend to have adopted, declaring himself a mere mortal, incapable of a love so purely angelic. For my part, I think it quite the thing; for is it not good policy to leave him something still to wish and to enjoy? it animates his pursuit, keeps his affections awake, which would grow languid, had he nothing left to hope for, *Cupid* is blind, but *Hymen* is very quick sighted; yet, lest his eyes should not be sufficient, he is represented with a torch to assist him, I suppose, the better to pry into one's foibles and imperfections---At present, however, there is no great danger of my submitting to his scrutiny. Why should I desire it? No woman was ever blessed with so tender so engaging a lover----And is a husband to be compared to that? Matrimony is, at best, a state of subjection to our sex, but now I reign with unlimited power --- Possessed, as I am hourly told, of every grace that can adorn my sex, what can I desire more?

I am interrupted; Sir *Charles* requests the favour of my company in the musick parlour; some fine lessons he has brought from town; he is to be my instructor. O, what

an amiable tutor!----Can you doubt my proficiency? Adieu.

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T T E R L X I.

To the S A M E.

I Really believe one may literally live upon Love; it is certain I neither eat nor sleep half so much as I used to do, and yet I never looked better in my life; nay not so well, for I am likewise of opinion, that this passion is a great embellisher of one's charms. Venus is not only the Queen of Beauty, but Mother of Love; and she bestows some share of her graces on all her children---If I may believe my glass, I am more than usually amiable this morning----Such a morning too!---Sir *Charles* was yesterday elegantly describing the beautiful prospect of the rising sun; he rallied me on my suffering indolence to deprive me of that noble sight; for I owned I had never had curiosity enough to abridge myself of sleep on its account, but promised I would for once see if it deserved the high encomiums he bestowed on it---He did not seem to believe I should keep my word; but he is mistaken, for I have actually left my bed for that purpose---Perhaps another motive might have some little share in my early rising; he is going

ing a hunting with some neighbouring gentlemen, consequently I shall see him too, which will be, in my opinion, no small addition to the prospect---I hear the hounds---There is my charming Sir *Charles* superior to the rest---He looks up---He smiles---Heavens, what a graceful bow!---They are gone---Now for the rising sun, and silent contemplation---These are the haunts of meditation---Good-morrow, my Dear, I believe I am the first that has paid you that compliment this day---

Adieu.

DELIA STANHOPE.

LETTER LXII.

To the SAME.

SIR *Charles* is not yet returned; the shortest absence from him absolutely makes me melancholy. Love, as you justly observe, has wrought an amazing change in my once gay disposition----I hardly know what to do with myself, when out of his dear company----Mrs. *Grandison* too has left me this afternoon----A visit of charity, in which she would not suffer me to bear her company, as I complained at dinner of a slight head-ach. O, my Physician is arrived; at the sight of him all my ailments vanish----

Adieu.

Tuesday,

Tuesday, five o'Clock.

Sir *Charles* is in a strange whimsical humour to-day----“ Evil communication corrupts good manners” ----His country friends, I suppose, set the example, which he has but too readily followed---The *Champaign* has been rather too powerful for him----I rallied him on his unusual vivacity ; he ascribed it to the noble diversion in which he had been engaged----Drinking, I suppose you mean ; very noble, that, to be sure---

No, you wilfully misunderstand me ; I never will be an advocate for that ; it is the charming chace----O ! you cannot conceive any thing so delightful as that exercise---

And very innocent, too----A great proof of the tenderness of your disposition, wantonly to pursue a poor defenceless animal, who, while you are enjoying your senseless mirth, flies in inexpressible fears for its life. How would you like to be in its situation ?---I wonder, Sir *Charles*, how you can take pleasure in so cruel a diversion ?

O, thou severe charmer, cried he, taking my hand, how dare you condemn so god-like an amusement ?----By my soul I do not know any thing to equal it----

With hounds and with horn we'll awaken the day,
And high to the woodland walks away—

I am turned a downright fox-hunter.
So I think.

Here,

Here, *Cæsar, Cæsar*----Did you ever see so divine a creature? Look at him, my *Delia* ----Go, my pretty fellow, pay your respects to your mistress----You cannot conceive what a sagacious animal it is; of the true *Spartan* breed; by my soul this dog has more sense than half the men in *England*; only speak to him, you will find he can do every thing but answer you ---

I believe, indeed, he has as much sense as his master, at present, and may now pass for the most rational animal of the two----But I am in a grave humour, Sir *Charles*, so will leave you till you are more fit for sober conversation----

Sober conversation, my angel! I never was soberer in my life----See I am as grave as a philosopher.

One instance of your philosophy is, the noble contempt you have shewn for your reason, which you have parted with, and seem so little to regret the loss of---

Devilish severe---Why you do not pretend to think I am---

I know what you was going to say---No, to be sure, as sober as a judge---

Upon my honour and so I am---Intoxicated with nothing but love---- (Again he attempted to take my hand, but I withdrew it, and offered to retire---

Why, you would not sure have the cruelty to leave me---

Indeed but I would---What should I do in such company? Your dog will amuse you in my

my absence; he can do every thing but speak, you know, and I am as little inclined to that at present as he.

O thou fatirical faucy charmer! I wonder how I have patience with your raillery---

No raillery, Sir *Charles*, absolutely serious---

I am determined not to believe you---

As you please for that.

You complained just now of my too great vivacity; but see, your frowns have wrought a reformation. By my soul I cannot bear them. Smile if you have the least compassion, or I die with grief---

That will not, at present, I fancy have the honour of being your executioner; but unlock the door, Sir *Charles*, (for he had taken out the key on my first attempt to leave him,) I really must go---I have letters to write---

Promise to make me the subject of them and you shall.

It will not be to your advantage if I do, in the humour I am in.

Then stay, my transporting angel, till I have talked you into a better.

A very unlikely method, to make use of the cause for the remedy.

One smile first, my goddess, and then I'll try to prevail on my heart to bear your absence for a few moments; but no longer, by *Jupiter*.

Pish, don't tease me---

Smile then when I bid you.

I did so, because I could not help it---

There's

There's my best love! go now, but remember you are to return in a few minutes; here is my watch, I shall come in search of you when the limited time is expired if you don't keep your promise---

I have not made any---

O, I took that for granted; it was my request that you should, and I know you could not have the cruelty to refuse me.

And in what manner, pray, do you propose to entertain me, if I should oblige you?

O, in the most delightful manner imaginable: I'll talk of Love; I am quite in the humour for it.

Horrid!----No that will never do; I hate repetitions; and you have already exhausted that subject.

O, you are violently mistaken; I have a thousand new ideas suddenly darted into my mind, that I never thought of before;

For wine inspires us.

Yes, I think so; but keep them to yourself, if you are wise, for I am sure they will not be at all to my taste.

Give them a hearing, at least, my angel! I'll range them in order against your return.

Do so; I shall give you sufficient time for your task.

But you will come, my *Delia*, won't you.
I don't know.

O, then

O, then you positively remain where you are.

Teazing creature !

Swear, then, that you will, in a few seconds, return to your doating *Charles*----He opened the door ; away I flew, without making him any answer ; he caught hold of my gown, but I disengaged myself. He called after me, Remember your promise, or I follow you to your apartment---Locks and bars, one would have thought----But *Venus* laughed ; I shall make nothing of them, if you compel me to it----I heard no more ; nor am I much alarmed at his threats ; I know him too well to be under any apprehensions, honourable as his behaviour has ever been to me----He has only, as I before said, drank enough to make him whimsical ; but there's no fear he should so far forget himself, as to treat me with disrespect----I am absolutely stifled in this close apartment ; our climate has taken a trip to the east, I believe ; sure never any thing was so warm as the weather ; I must positively take a little air. I will avoid Sir *Charles* if I can ; for I know he is in a teazing humour. I may escape unnoticed to the summer-house. I will take my work, and spend the remainder of the afternoon in that agreeable retreat, and hope he will not molest me with his company. I never before thought it disagreeable---Adieu.

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T.

LETTER LXIII.

To the SAME.

ALL my misfortunes are light when compared to this---O, heavens! how durst he presume to treat me with such indignity--- There is no honour, no faith in man---Since I am deceived in him, I detest his whole perfidious sex---O could I ever have thought this once amiable, this once respectful---But I was born to misery---Shame and indignation restrain my pen. How shall I prevail on myself to describe the cruel, the insolent treatment I have received---- And from whom?----From the man I once adored. The man---But I will for ever drive him from my heart---- His tears, his affected penitence are vain--- Never, never more can he regain my esteem; ought I to forgive? No; forbid it; offended virtue----But why then do I weep? Why this regret at parting?----Yes, *Dorinda*, Sir *Charles* has insulted me---Heavens, I tremble at the danger to which my unsuspecting heart had betrayed me---But how could I be upon my guard, convinced as I was, from so long, so tender a friendship, such repeated proofs of disinterested love, that he was incapable of such baseness; surely he was once so, but this vile *Champaign*---O my inexcusable weakness, would I then make excuses for him----No, I now as heartily detest as I once loved him---- With what wicked sophistry did his deceitful tongue
endea-

endeavour to pervert my reason---He dared
---O, *Dorinda*, I die with confusion while I
repeat it---He dared---Heavens, what a dishonourable proposal!---His actions, too---
But I cannot bear the recollection---I burst
into tears, and bitterly exclaimed against his
cruelty and ingratitude---And is it thus, cried I, that you return my tenderness?---O,
was it worth all this pains to make me wretched?
I sunk into a chair, and continued weeping
---Struck with my grief, he instantly awoke
from his intoxication, and suddenly casting
himself at my feet---Heaven and earth, cried
he, what have I done!---O, my *Delia*, can
you forgive me?--By my soul I abhor myself---
Forgive you, said I, with indignation--You neither wish, nor can hope to be forgiven--Never
would you have treated me in this insolent manner, if you had had the least value either for
me, or my esteem---You wanted, no doubt
to find a pretence to break with me, but far easier methods would have served your purpose---
You do not know me, Sir---At that cursed
moment, cried he, I neither knew you nor myself--It was madness all--O, pardon me, or I
shall expire at your feet!--I arose, and pushing him from me with disdain, you have deceived me once, Sir *Charles*, it shall be my
care that you never have it in your power to do it again--It is past, you have awakened me
from a dream that I must own was but too pleasing--Adieu, Sir, I leave you to reflect on
the honourable generous part you have acted
--I was going, but he caught hold of my
gown

gown—You shall not, must not leave me---
 O, madam, I dare not call you by a more
 endearing name, pity me, I detest myself—
 But is there no allowance to be made for a
 sudden ungovernable gust of passion?—My hap-
 piness so long delayed—Such cursed obstacles
 —I knew not what I did—I abhor myself—
 Punish me any way you see fit, only do not
 hate me—O, my adorable, my angelic *Delia*,
 do not look at me with such contempt!---Yet
 I know I merit it, but cannot bear it from
 you--- Are there no remains of that gentle
 flame in your breast, to plead in my favour?
 Have I for ever forfeited your esteem? You
 have, Sir, answered I, with calm disdain, and
 nothing now remains, but that we bid each
 other an eternal adieu---His eyes were fixed
 on me while I spoke, his colour changed and
 uttering a deep sigh, he sunk on the floor---
 I was weak enough in spite of my resentment,
 to be alarmed, and found it impossible to leave
 him in that condition--- He recovered and
 again renewed his intreaties for pardon---If
 you can pardon yourself, said I, you have mine,
 but remember, I will never, if I can avoid it,
 see you more---I shall leave this place if you
 do not, and that immediately---I am under
 great obligations; you was but too sensible of
 that, no doubt, or you would not have presum-
 ed to use me as you have done---I shall ever be
 grateful for the favours I have received; Mrs.
Grandison shall know my motives for leaving
 her---O, do not cried he, for your own sake,
 do not acquaint her with my crime!---By hea-
 vens,

vens, I cannot bear the thought, that any one,
 but my hated self, should know my *Delia* had
 received the least indignity! That should be re-
 served for my punishment alone, nor need you
 leave this place---- Let the guilty fly ----Yes,
 madam, I will banish myself, since you com-
 mand it---But may I not hope, that the sincerity
 of my repentance, the shame with which I now
 look back on my unworthy proposal---May, in
 time, restore me--I interrupted him---Hope what
 you please, Sir, but never more can I look up-
 on you as my lover, nor with the least degree
 of love---It is impossible to esteem you, after
 what is past---And on that was my passion
 founded, which must now necessarily expire,
 since you are no longer the man I once flat-
 tered myself you was---But too much has al-
 ready been said on this subject, since my resolu-
 tion is fixed---Adieu, Sir, may your next choice
 be of one whose rank and fortune will place
 her above your insults---O, this mortifying
 contempt, cried he, these unjust reproaches---
 Wretch that I was -- -But, ah, my *Delia*---
 I interrupted him---Your *Delia*, Sir!---I spoke
 with contempt, and opening the door of the
 summer-house, was going--- Again he knelt,
 and, with wildness in his looks and manner,
 Ah, not yet, not yet, cried he; one moment
 longer ---- Only hear me, pity me, Madam,
 do not thus drive me to despair---I heard no
 more; for in spite of all his entreaties, I hasti-
 ly left the garden---About an hour after, my
 maid brought me a letter from him, but I re-
 turned it unopened---Mrs. *Grandison* is not yet
 VQL. II. E come

come home ---- If he does not leave the house to-morrow morning, I am determined to inform her of what has happened, and will then bury myself in some retreat, far from---She is returned, and has sent for me---I have begged to speak with her----I must plead indisposition to excuse my presence at supper---I cannot bear the thoughts of seeing him ---- Need I call it an excuse?---- Alas, *Dorinda*, I am in reality far from being well---Could it be otherwise after such an adventure?---O, Sir *Charles*, once so dear to my heart----Must I then at last----Yes----But I hear my friend coming---
Adieu.

DELIA STANHOPE.

LETTER LXIV.

To the SAME.

FEVERISH and ill---- I can absolutely hardly hold my pen---Yet I would just inform you, that Sir *Charles*--- Why do I sigh at naming him?---He is gone, *Dorinda*, and I must never see him more----Alas, this rigid virtue---O, was he not once the most amiable of his sex?----And does he not repent?----But what am I doing? Let me recall his vile proposal----O, I dare not think of him with the least partiality, after such a proof---Yet, I fear, it will be some time before I can totally conquer

quer my unhappy passion—Mrs. *Grandison* tells me, she is sure, both from my behaviour and his, that we have had some difference, but she imagines it a trifle, and makes a joke of lovers quarrels; for his sake I cannot prevail on myself to tell her what is past—She has offered to be a mediator between us—Nay, I really believe she has already wrote to Sir *Charles*—But nothing shall alter my resolution—I ought not—must not forgive him—Nay, do not condemn me. I will not, *Dorinda*, in spite of my heart—I know not what I write—I am very ill, pity me—
Adieu.

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T T E R L X V.

To PEREGRINE DELAVALL, *Esq.*

London.

Y O U R letter, my obliging friend, compleated my cure, which was already far advanced by the care of your brother, before it arrived—I must, therefore, insist on your not thinking of a journey to town; we shall be with you in a day or two at most—How sincerely do I rejoice at the account you give me of your charming guest; her's was a severe trial; but heaven, now, by giving her such worthy friends, has, in some measure, rewarded her virtue—In your lady and you she finds her lost parents—

She has wrote to her uncle, you tell me—Her mind then is, doubtless, more at ease—I agree with you, that it must be very affecting, as well as edifying, to see such uncommon piety in so young, so beautiful a creature—But I am a little uneasy at her delicate scruples of being any longer at your house when your brother arrives----I ardently wish to see her—Yet I admire them ---- Her fortunately finding her long esteemed Mrs. *Rowe*, was, indeed, an unexpected happiness ---- That lady's silence, too, is well accounted for. She might well forbear writing, when she believed her pious endeavours had had so little effect, when she believed her seeming convert had renounced the faith and agreed to take the veil---- How delighted must she be, when thus agreeably undeceived? ----I think you should, without too much kind opposition, suffer our *Isabella* to accompany that Lady. It will be more for her peace that she should not see your brother—at least, if his father continues his resolution—I much doubt if all his persuasions will avail. My *Harry* is obstinately determined to continue single—faithful to his first, and only love—Do you not admire that friendship you so feelingly describe between those two most lovely of women?—On one part it is a noble instance of generous self-denial, so truly to do justice to her rival. I much doubt whether I shall be of your opinion as to this so highly praised *Sophia*.—Surely she cannot—I must question the justness of your taste—It is impossible she should be more beautiful than
our

our charming foreigner—I allow for a grain of prejudice—Pray heaven she may, however, have graces sufficient to make some impression on this refractory heart of my friend; but the image of his *Emilia* guards every avenue, and will admit of no other guest—Adieu, after writing so much, I need not, I think, tell you, that I am perfectly recovered from an indisposition, of which our tempestuous voyage was alone the cause. Mr. *Mountague* writes a short note to your lady; his joy is greatly damped, though eager to embrace his friends—this dreaded *Sophia*—Use, I beseech you, all your influence with his father; at least not to be too precipitate—Time may produce the change which persecution and importunities cannot—Once more adieu, my dear friend.

Believe me your's,

JOHN HARVEY.

LETTER LXVI.

To GEORGE RAMSEY, *Esq*;

O I could curse myself, and all mankind! —I am undone, *Ramsay*. From what a height of happiness am I fallen, by my fatal indiscretion?—She hates me; yes, *George*, that angel of a woman no longer loves me —Intoxicated with wine, and a mad fit of passion, I insolently dared—By heaven, I ab-

hor the recollection---- That cursed proposal justly merited her indignation----But the liberties I took with her, though so highly resented, would, by most of her sex, have been deemed only innocent romping--- In my cooler moments, I would have died rather than have given any offence to her angelic purity---O, could such charms, and virtue like her's, fail to reconcile me to the once detested matrimony!----Yet, at that moment, I talked like a libertine-----What dæmon possessed me? A foe to my happiness---- O, with what mortifying contempt, did she look upon me!---- While, with all the dignity of offended virtue, she reproached me for my baseness---- I would have died to have appeased her just wrath----But nothing can obtain my forgiveness----She cruelly vows never to see me more----Heavens, is it possible!---- And do I yet live----O, *George*, never man doated on woman as I do on her! A love so long, so deeply rooted in my heart ---- No time can conquer it----Mrs. *Grandison* has wrote to me --She guessed I had offended, but little knew the greatness of my crime--- I have made her a humiliating confession ---- I have besought her interest in my favour; but shall I not ---- Alas! too justly forfeit even her esteem, as well as that of my incensed charmer--- I was comparatively happy under all my other misfortunes, because I had nothing to reproach myself with---- But now, this cursed affair----I am out of conceit with myself, and all the world---O, that I could recall that fatal moment

ment of indiscretion!---- I am now at a small village, a few miles from the *Grove*. I could not prevail on my heart to banish myself to a greater distance: it is some little consolation that I breathe the same air with my cruel fair one, though I am not permitted to see her---- But for my ambitious uncle, all this might have been prevented---- I would write to my angel---I would entreat her to be honourably mine, let the consequence be what it would---- But that I fear a mortifying refusal---- My pride could never brook that---- Yet, what can I do more to pacify her offended virtue? Such obstinate resentment---- One letter has already been returned unopened --- Obdurate perverseness ---- By my soul, *George*, there is no knowing how to deal with these so very virtuous women!----And yet I love her a thousand times more for this very virtue --- O, *Ramsay*, I shall go distracted, if she does not timely relent!---- Tell me, advise me what to do ---- You know the sex, in what manner would you act if in my situation?--- Adieu. Write to me immediately, as you value yours,

CHARLES BRUDNELL.

LETTER LXVII.

To Miss BOOTHBY.

A Letter from Sir *Charles*, inclosed in one to Mrs *Grandison*---She insisted on my reading it; greatly as she condemns his conduct, she yet thinks he now deserves my compassion, so truly penitent as he appears to be---I was obliged to obey her---Perhaps a little remaining weakness assisted her intreaties---He says all that eloquence can say to obtain my pardon, and with conscious shame, makes me an offer of his hand, declaring that he would sooner be condemned to spend his life in a cottage with me, than be Emperor of the World with any other---Love, he says, has cured him of ambition; though his fortune is too little to support his rank, yet is sufficient for a genteel retirement; and then how sweetly he paints the serene pleasure and content of such a situation; his lively imagination has described a perfect Paradise---He brings to my view all the innocent joys of the golden age---But can I forget the insult he offered me? Must I, ought I to forgive him?---Then, too his visionary schemes are all chimerical. Were I to consent to his indiscretion, I might, perhaps, ere long, be upbraided as the cause of his ruin, as the only bar to that distinguished figure he might, but for me, have made in the world---No he shall never have that to reproach me with, nor shall his friends have reason to accuse

cuse me of ingratitude—I will refuse his generous offer—My virtue demands the sacrifice I am going to make—That, so lately offended, ought not to be so easily appeased—I shall write to him immediately, while I have spirits to support a just share of dignity—He must once have thought meanly of me—Yet let me not wrong him—He would never have acted as he did, had he at that time been capable of thinking at all—Yet I will convince him that my pride is equal to his own, though not my rank—Why, alas, do these frequent sighs escape me? Am I still under the influence of an unhappy passion, in spite of all my endeavours to conquer it? Adieu, or I shall not have power to put my resolution in practice.

Yours,

DELIA STANHOPE.

LETTER LXVIII.

To GEORGE RAMSEY, *E/q;*

SCORNFULLY rejected—O heavens, how I am humbled—By my soul, *Ramsley*, this is too much—This proud imperious beauty—How shall I be revenged on her? On her, did I say? Alas, nothing can affect my *Delia*, but what will equally wound myself—She shall yet be mine, in spite of her haughty virtue—

Did a little involuntary indiscretion, considering the situation I was in, merit all this severity?---O the inexorable, cruel charmer!--- We ought never to let them know their power over us; they are the veriest tyrants in nature---Fool that I was, had I not already obstacles enough to surmount? Must I, by my head-strong passions, raise this invincible one, as she would persuade me it is?---This last, worst bar to my felicity--- I have wrote again ---To what mean submissions does this plaguy Love compel one!---And for what do I take all this pains?---for a wife!--- Heavens! *George*, times are strangely altered with me---Would you ever have believed that I should grow weary of my once high prized liberty? --- Infatuating passion! How ungovernable is its power!---Stay, let me consider; the dye is not yet cast; what if I yet make one timely effort to regain my freedom from her chains? ---But then this lovely woman!---No, it is impossible; she shall be mine, in spite of herself---I will see her; I will press her with such persuasive, melting ardour---But, first, a short absence, a little time for her resentment to cool; the apprehension of losing me, may do much--- I would flatter myself she will not find it an easy task to drive me from her heart---I shall be in town the beginning of next week; I must strive to bring about a reconciliation with my uncle; no mean submission, however; the first advances on my part, in return for the obligations I am under to him; but if that won't do, farewell to ambition,

bition, and welcome independency--- In a few years I hope, with prudence and œconomy, to clear my estate---I have laid down a plan for my future conduct---My pride will enable me to put it in practice---I condemn myself for having so long submitted to the caprice of others---It hurts my spirit to reflect on it---I need only retrench some unnecessary superfluity; the vain shew and pageantry of which the mistaken world is so fond---I will now study to grow wise by experience, and prefer the substance of happiness to the empty appearance of it---My only regret will be, that my power of obliging will be more limited; but if I cannot oblige, it will, at least, be some consolation that I am no longer forced to be obliged; that uneasy situation to a generous mind---No more servile dependence then---Happier prospects await me---If this perverse fair one---But I cannot bear the thoughts of that neither---But if she should continue inexorable, which heaven avert---Friendship, retirement, and philosophy---Alas, I fear, they will all be found physicians of no value!---But I must try them---I will go down to my estate, repair the old mansion-house, make the now ruinous gardens once more bloom forth in their once paradisaical beauty---Set up statues to keep alive my resentment against our lovely tormentors---Who lost *Mark Anthony* the world!---A woman?---Who was it, that for a single apple, damn'd mankind?---A woman!---Images of these and the like worthies, shall meet my eyes at every turning---I will turn Poet, too, and satirize the whole

whole artful, charming, infatuating sex--- But all these fine schemes are only in case---What a set of obstinates have I to deal with!---- Adieu, *George*, I shall see you in a day or two.

Yours,

CHARLES BRUDNELL.

LETTER LXIX.

To Miss DORINDA BOOTHBY.

HEAVENS, *Dorinda*, what a reverse of fortune!--I am become---You never knew a person of such infinite dignity and importance---O, the joy of independency!--Take care, *Sir Charles*; you dared to trifle with my heart--But you now, will find such a number of competitors for the prize, that you may too late repent the small value you set on it---Ambition fires my mind; nothing less than universal conquest can satisfy me---Shall I descend to common sense?---Know then---But arm yourself with a competent measure of faith, for you will have occasion for no small share, to believe that I am at this present moment---Actually mistress, uncontrouled mistress, of twenty thousand pounds, principal money---Amazing! incredible! you will say: You have now, indeed, compleated your romance with a most flaming fiction!--When one is about it, you know, one may as well do the thing handsomely---

ly---But improbable as it may appear, it is absolute, literal, sober, downright fact---I will take my death, it is a most marvellous event; very astonishing! miraculous! and all that; but positively true, nevertheless---My father's only brother's son---A bungling piece of work these genealogies---rich as *Cræsus*---was, that is to say, for, heaven rest his spirit, he is now no more---No great friend to our family in his life-time; at his death, made his peace with heaven and me, his nearest relation, by this noble legacy---Poor young man; let me, in return for his generosity, bestow on him the tribute of a few sighs---Had we been more intimately acquainted, I should doubtless have added tears; but I knew so little of him---He spent most of his time abroad---Was seized with a fever on his last return to *England*---Crouds of cousins, (from the first to the hundredth degree, removed) assiduously attended him during his illness---Saw him expire, with mournful lamentations; flew to his will for consolation---But heavens, what was their disappointment; at the fatal and unexpected contents!---For though he had made particular enquiries about me, and my situation in life, during his sickness, yet little did they imagine he would leave me such a proof of his friendship---What a shock---They were thunderstruck---I think I see their woe-begone countenances, and all their solemn mockery of grief, suddenly converted into rage and envy---They were nevertheless obliged to acquaint me with my good fortune; and (O the power of riches) tacked to the tail of their epistle

tle a thousand fawning compliments and affected congratulations, though lately deemed unworthy of their notice or regard---But if I do not mortify them, in my turn, never trust me---Let me alone for that---You know I can assume the haughty and the proud as well as the best of them; and their behaviour to me, while in adversity, richly merits that treatment.

My dear Mrs. *Grandison* is infinitely rejoiced at this unexpected event, but through a just delicacy she no longer pleads in favour of Sir *Charles*---The poor penitent---Will nobody espouse his cause? Yes, *Dorinda*, he has still one powerful advocate, which I would never, however, have listened to, but for this change in my affairs---My pride would not suffer me to condescend to a reconciliation, though, I must own, he was but too easily forgiven---the case is now altered---He has obliged me in many instances; it is now my turn---His haughty uncle, that once despised my alliance, shall now be made sensible of his insignificancy---Let him keep his boasted wealth---I am going to write to my lover---Would you believe it, *Dorinda*, this obdurate heart, that could resist all his eloquent entreaties while he pressed me to be his, is now, as well as my fortune, going to be frankly offered to him? Strange that I should set less value on it now than when it was so little worthy of his acceptance---But this is my notion of generosity---Yet let me reflect an instant---Had I not better take a trip to

to dear *London* before I determine irrevocably?
---For

O what pleasure will abound,
Now I have ten thousand pound :
O how I shall courted be ;
O what Lords will kneel to me.

But what are Lords, what all the parade of conquest, compared to the genuine love of my amiable Sir *Charles*---No, there requires not a moment's deliberation, for he is, he must be the man---Yet if he should turn out a very husband at last, after all my flattering expectations---Let me die if I am not infinitely afraid to venture---But if the worst should happen, if he should prove a mere modern spouse, I have airs, and graces, and fortune enough to make as modern a wife---So there is no great fear but I can make reprisals in a modest way---Well, I'll e'en take him, I think---What do you advise? But it will come too late---The fatal mandate will be dispatched before it arrives---A sheet of unfulfilled paper lies tempting---Innocent and harmless as it is at present, it may yet be the cause of much future misery---Come, I will take courage---Now, thou spotless messenger, do me justice, and tell my *Charles* how dear he is, and ever must be, to his *Delia* ; tell him---But I need not tell you all this---Adieu, my dear *Dorinda*.

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T

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DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T

LETTER LXX.

To the SAME.

THE Capricious Lovers---Would you believe it, *Dorinda*, instead of the importance to which I imagined myself raised---I am fallen---Heavens, do I live to make the humbling confession!--I have been refused---But none of your disdain, my dear---For it was in such a manner---O the dear proud creature!--But love, I am sure, will yet get the victory---He did just as I would have done, had I been in his place---Such a similarity of sentiments---O, incontestibly formed for each other---Kindred souls---His once haughty uncle, mean dissembler, pretends to be reconciled both to his nephew and me---Has wrote to Mrs. *Grandison*---Not the least hint of my change of fortune---Quite ignorant of that, to be sure---Only influenced by his friendship for Sir *Charles*---Saw he would be miserable if he continued to refuse his consent; the merit and charms of my Ladyship, too; never acquainted with them before, you know; would no longer oppose his felicity---Artful enough, but not so much so as to blind me to his real motives for this seeming generosity; the only way he had, however, to come off handsomely. I will carry on the farce, and appear ignorant of his real inducement, for receiving me as his niece, as I am convinced Sir *Charles* will never be mine if his fortune is not, by his uncle's means, made more than equal

equal to my own. I know the delicacy of his notions; the present situation of his affairs would be an obstacle, which his pride would never be able to surmount; but a reconciliation with Sir *Edward* will, I doubt not, after a little perverse trifling, facilitate ours. Mrs. *Grandison* has wrote to him, insisting on his immediate presence at the *Grove*, as he values her friendship. She has wrote to her brother too, acquainting him with what it is clear he knows as well as herself—We shall see what effects these letters produce. Strange that I should submit to all this; but invincible love, the desire of happiness, I can never be so till united to this dear man—His first, his only fault—a great one, indeed, I allow it to be, but forgiven, nevertheless—My gentle nature—Shall I make a merit of it, and flourish out a panegyrick on my placable and merciful disposition—In some countries, *Spain* I believe, the Ladies would be highly affronted at the man who did not give them an opportunity of manifesting their virtue, esteeming it a reproach to their charms, and, instead of the noise and bustle we make about such adventures, turn them into pleasantry, yet continue as inflexible as ourselves. I do not quote their example as a proper precedent for us to follow; all I want is an excuse for my, perhaps, too easily obtained pardon.

A letter from lady *Fuliet*—Immensely happy; united at last to her long loved *Somerset*; every body reconciled; violent satisfaction on all sides; bestows some encomiums on matrimony; a desirable state where friendship as well as love unites
the

the heart. Time may give her a more sober and unimpassioned judgment of it—She congratulates me on my good fortune, and hopes I will soon condescend to countenance her example, by rewarding a lover so amiable, so unfashionably constant, as Sir *Charles*—Unfashionable indeed—Yet fond as I am of every thing that goes under that name, you may believe I can easily forgive his deviating from it in that instance, since in every other respect he is undoubtedly quite the fine Gentleman. I am dying with impatience for his expected visit—Surely he has too much politeness to refuse the request of a lady, and Mrs. *Grandison*'s invitation was in the most pressing terms. He will be a little refractory, I suppose, but do you think he can resist my charms? I propose being rather stately myself at first; that, you know, is incumbent on me after being refused as I was—Really Sir *Charles*, I should not have expected this from you—Then a smile—An argument ensues—He will plead his excuses with great eloquence, I make no doubt, but Mrs. *Grandison* and his uncle will be of my party—Then follows a *tête à tête*—Heavens! dare I, after our last, venture one—Yes, I think I may now be pretty secure of his good behaviour—What will then become of his pride and obstinacy?—O, I see him already, in imagination, kneeling, suing to be forgiven, with eyes so insinuatingly persuasive, receiving, at last, my half, in appearance, reluctant hand, as the choicest gift that heaven and I could bestow: then follows the most tender reconciliation, and all that is past buried in
eternal

eternal oblivion : after that smiling scenes of gay delight warm my breast, and sooth my care.—

Adieu,

DELIA STANHOPE.

LETTER LXXI.

To the SAME.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes—

I see his uncle's coach at some distance ; now should this said coach produce only a solo instead of the duet I expect, discord in place of harmony will be the consequence—I have flung myself into the horrors by the bare supposition.

No, my heart now flutters with more agreeable emotions ; he is come, *Dorinda*—I saw him this instant alight from the carriage—Grace was in his steps ; yet an air of more than usual gravity, mixed with a little fullness, I thought—The least condescension to these male creatures—But beware, Sir *Charles*, if my presence does not immediately dispel the cloud, dread the consequence, for I feel myself a little inclined to caprice ; a humour that will not be very favourable to the stately airs you seem inclined to take upon you—But I will go down—No I wont, that will appear too forward ; he shall request the favour, before I honour him with my company—My pen, mean time—Yet I cannot write—I am
absolutely

absolutely in a tremor; for what, I wonder?—As they please—No message yet—To be sure the visit was not to me, so I have no right to be offended—I am become a person of very little consequence, it is clear; but what they refuse me, I will give myself—O, they have condescended to think of me at last!--But patience, good folks, I am otherwise engaged at present---My compliments, I shall make my appearance at dinner---

Mrs. *Grandison*, in some surprize at my answer has been with me. Sir *Charles*, with all the arguments they could use, could hardly muster up courage enough to see me. Criminal as he must appear after such an offence, very humble, to be sure, but after I was so mean as to assure him of my pardon---He has his own motives, no doubt, to keep up the remembrance of what he knows I am but too ready to forget. This behaviour of his, has taught me, that I have not been so mindful as I ought, of my own dignity---I am obliged to him for giving me time to recollect myself---I will return the compliment; he, too, shall have leisure to get the better of his affected terrors--I refused to accompany Mrs. *Grandison* to her guests; mortified, and out of humour, I have a great mind not to see him at all---It is plain to me, this stately wretch does not desire I should---O, had I but been more conscious of my worth! It is not yet too late, however----A rap at my door----Heavens, *Dorinda*, it is he, it is my too charming!--But I will humble his pride, and with affected indifference, continue my employment---

ment---What are your commands with me, Sir *Charles* ? You see I am engaged, I would gladly be excused any interruption at present ; at dinner I propose paying my respects to you and Sir *Edward*—It is as I feared, cried he—Why did I suffer myself to be deceived by them ?—My heart foreboded what would happen—I durst not believe the flattering hopes—You was right, Sir *Charles*, (interrupting him,) it is plain you think I ought not to have pardoned you ; you have convinced me of my error ; I always paid a deference to your better judgment, and therefore recall what you have, by your behaviour, taught me to be an indiscreet weakness—You may go, Sir ; as Mrs. *Grandison*'s guest I shall pay you all due respect ; but for any thing else, you neither seem to deserve, nor wish for it—Not wish for it, cried he, with fervor ; good heaven ! but I acknowledge, indeed, I do not, nor ever can deserve it—Ah, Madam, had not your fortune been thus unexpectedly raised, with what rapture should I have received your earnestly sought for pardon ; but now how can I ?—Would to heaven this cursed event had never happened—It is plain, then, Sir, said I, that you set a very high value on this fortune, which yet you would seem to despise, since you now think yourself unworthy of me : that was not always the case ; but let me tell you, Sir *Charles*, I should not have expected this delicate compliment from you—My person then was a trifle, which you would have made no ceremony to receive, deeming it so far from a favour, that you would, no doubt, have esteemed the obligation on

on my side, if you had deigned to accept of it—But let me tell you, Sir, I should have looked upon it to be an equal favour had I consented to be yours, even before I had what appears to have given me so much dignity in your opinion—O, cried he, you overwhelm me with confusion ; I despise the meanness you reproach me with ; but surely you cannot think me so despicable a wretch—You wilfully misunderstand me—By heaven it is your dear self only that my once too presumptuous wishes aspired to—I disdain all mercenary views—My *Delia*, more valuable in my eyes than all the riches of the world, is the sole dear object of my tender desires—To call you mine my only ambition—Can you yet, my lovely angel—He cast himself at my feet—Will you condescend to forgive my repeated offences? Ever since you deigned to write to me, my breast has been racked with contending passions—Pride, love, and shame distracted me by turns—But now pity me, and let your heart plead in my favour : If you will accept of me, criminal as I am, my whole future life, and every action of it, shall be actuated by no other desire but that of making myself agreeable to you—You promise fair, Sir *Charles*, returned I, smiling, and giving him my hand to raise him from his humble posture—This is not the first instance I have given you of my placable disposition ; a happy temper for a wife, and a virtue, which, I fancy, there is little fear of your suffering to lie dormant—But no more of your heroics—Accustom me by degrees to the change that must

must take place. When once I have put off the sovereign for the subject your reign will then commence—While I spoke, he was kissing my hand with rapture—Softly, Sir, added I, remember I have not yet made an absolute promise ; I must have time to deliberate ; but a woman that deliberates—Well, I believe I must have you at last, if it was but for the sake of variety—You have acted the lover so long, that I can expect nothing new in that way ; but matrimony will produce change enough, or I am much mistaken—O I cannot bear even your raillery on that head, cried he ; I have recanted my former errors, and am become a zealous convert to the opinion, that marriage is the very *summum bonum*, the most desirable state on earth—I wish you may not recant again some time hence, said I, smiling, and the last error prove worse than the first—You don't know half my foibles, Sir *Charles* ; I shall begin upon a quite different plan from the generality of wives, if ever I consent to be one, that, you are to remember, is not absolutely determined yet—You must promise to be so assiduous, so tender, so polite—But none of your fulsome fondness, neither—O, heavens, I expire at the very thoughts of the odious familiarity of my love, and my dear, and all the vile, common, ill-bred cant of a husband!—Yet, I would not have you in the other extreme of modish indifference, sitting picking your teeth, and yawning in my company ; hardly knowing how to kill your time when at home, never gay but abroad, dying with *ennui* the few hours you are

are compelled to be alone with your wife—Horrid! I shall expect you do not throw off the lover with your wedding garments—These articles agreed to, I may, perhaps, prevail on myself to—Yet, I swear, I am under horrible apprehensions—You need not, cried he, tenderly taking my hand; I agree to every article, and that, without desiring any conditions on your part—You shall find me such a husband—Heavens, I shall absolutely grow into a proverb, and be quoted as an example to all succeeding ages!—Hush, cried I, putting my hand on his mouth—No more rash promises; time enough for them, when we go to church together—I will suppose you have said a whole collection of fine things to me—But it is time we should join the company below; the good folks must be thinking, and with some justice too, that we are all this while talking a great deal of tender nonsense to each other. Come, and let us convince them, that we have not quite bid adieu to our reason, though under the influence of a passion that has but little connection with it—He would fain have persuaded me to indulge him in a longer *tête à tête*—But I trip'd off---Met with a most flaming reception from Sir Edward---A whole volley of compliments, and as many apologies, for his former conduct—He really believes, jealousy was the principal reason why he delayed his nephew's happiness---Half in love with me himself; had he been a few years younger, would not so easily have resigned the prize--Good man, we are perfectly reconciled now, however---He seems to know our sex's foible, and made use of
powerful

powerful persuasive flattery, to appease my late resentment---Thus, *Dorinda*, am I come almost to the last scene of my drama---My stars, what a scene is that!---But I will defer it as long as I possibly can. These are halcyon days, all love and rapture; Who would wish to shorten them? Yet Sir *Charles* is importunate; his uncle, too, and Mrs. *Grandison*, are his advocates, for an early day---Well, well, patience, good folks, all in good time---I will never forgive you, *Dorinda*, if you do not consent to be my bride-maid. Lady *Juliet* has, long ago, given me her promise to be present, if ever (which I then much doubted) such an event should take place; her Lord, too, I suppose---Those that heaven hath joined, let no man put assunder---Adieu; come, if you love your

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T T E R LXXII.

To the SAME.

IN spite of all I can say, Mrs. *Grandison* and this fidgetting old man talk of nothing but the preparations that are to be made for the solemn farce; all the country round, the tenants---O, such doings as there is to be; they pester me to death about---Sir *Charles* smiles at my petulance, which I cannot restrain upon some occasions; he never fails to suffer for his mirth, however---We have the prettiest quarrels imaginable---But then, our reconciliations

so amazingly tender and pathetic ; I really believe he takes so much pleasure in displaying his eloquence on these occasions, that he makes me angry on purpose to exert it---Then, too, he is sure to obtain some little favour, to convince him of my pardon---The dear encroacher---After all, he perhaps, is more politic than I imagine, and instead of vexing me to extort proofs of my favour, is only trying my temper, that he may know to what he has to trust. Few women, or men either, display themselves in their true colours before marriage ; yet, for my own part, I am not sensible I was ever guilty of the least artifice or disguise in any instance since our first acquaintance : they are, indeed, contrary to my nature. I have no talents for hypocrisy ; frank, and unreserved, I should soon betray myself, were I to attempt it---A message from Sir *Edward*, intreats the favour of my company for a few minutes.

Thursday, Twelve o'Clock.

Found him alone---After a little chat on general subjects, he arose, and, with a smiling countenance, presented me with a casket, in which was an amazingly beautiful diamond necklace and ear-rings ; the present was made with a very good grace, and received, as it deserved, with suitable acknowledgments. Who would ever have imagined Sir *Edward Grandison* and I should have been upon such an amicable footing?---But twenty thousand pounds can work miracles!---I had hardly left him, when I met Sir *Charles* ; the pretty baubles were

were in my hand; his insinuating smiles convinced me, he knew what had passed between his uncle and me---Here, cry'd I, (for I was piqued at the air of confidence I thought he assumed,) these jewels are intended for your future bride; I don't think they will ever belong to me, on *that* account---I have changed my mind; I won't have you; I love to mortify people that seem so secure---Thou art said he, the prettiest piece of perverseness, that ever a man had to deal with---What have I done now to offend you?---A thousand things, cried I, (withdrawing the hand which he had seized;) take warning, then, by this perverseness; now is your time; you see what you have to expect---I do, said he, tenderly, and am in raptures at the happy prospect: but for heaven's sake, my lovely Charmer, smile my pardon, and do not affect this anger---Affect, I say; for I cannot believe you would be seriously offended without the least shadow of reason---You accuse my looks of confidence; say rather, that they testify my happiness---Can I appear insensible, while such delightful prospects seem to await me---He respectfully kissed my no longer averted hand; nay, he so far conquered my caprice, that I yielded to his intreaties, and accompanied him to the Park, where we had a most enchanting conversation---He started, when we found ourselves insensibly near the *Chinese* temple; a place so fatal to us both!--I blush'd, and he was in apparent confusion; yet neither of us took notice of each other's emotion, but passed on as quick as we could, unwilling to recall past scenes, lest
F 2
they

they should damp our present joys---What repetitions, what trifles do I entertain you with, *Dorinda!*---Entertain you, did I say? I wish they may not produce a quite contrary effect; but it is your own fault---Come and put, by your presence, an end to my scribbling---I positively expect you in a day or two---Mrs. *Grandison* joins her intreaties to mine; so does Sir *Charles*, longing, he says, to testify his esteem for one I have so great a friendship for---That, you are to observe, is your greatest merit with him, at present; but do not condescend to be indebted to me for his favour; come and force him to love you on your own account --Adieu.

Ever yours,

DELIA STANHOPE.

LETTER LXXIII.

To the SAME.

Monday.

A SHORT billet---No time for writing now---Fatigued to death with these horrid preparations---With what a bustle do we enter into this same Matrimony; but I shall have little enough of it afterwards; then for still life, and sober domestic employment, far different from all this finery and parade---The richest cloaths, jewels, equipage---What can a woman desire more?---And then the man---
Such

Such a man!—But come and see if he is not worthy of the high encomiums I have so often bestowed on him—*Thursday* fortnight!—I have been diverting myself with my antient hand-maid *Martha*. She has a great opinion of lucky and unlucky days; and poor *Thursday*, of all the days in the year, is her aversion: With her good-will, it would be struck out of the Kalendar. She is sure I shall be unfortunate in my intended marriage, because I have unhappily pitched on it for the occasion—Fain would she have persuaded me to alter my fatal resolution—There never was such an honest, well-meaning, superstitious soul—She is gone to implore heaven to avert the unlucky omen—The ides of *March* were not more fatal to *Cæsar*, than she is persuaded this said *Thursday* will be to me—There may be some danger, not from the particular day, indeed, but from the irrevocable event that will then take place—But be-gone, my fears—It is resolved, as *Bays* says—Come, then, for, believe me, your presence will be a great addition to my happiness—Lady *Juliet* and her help-mate will be here to-morrow: You only are wanting to compleat the joys of love and friendship—No excuse will be accepted of—I positively depend on your company; if you disappoint me, dread the resentment of your ever affectionate

DELIA STANHOPE.

LETTER LXXIV.

To Miss DORINDA BOOTHBY.

HEAVENS, *Dorinda*, I am in an universal palpitation—tremblingly alive all over—Would you believe it, the redoubtable *Mountague* is returned to *England*—But, what is still more, I am on the wing to pay him a visit---A visit to a male creature; What, in the name of wonder, can you mean! Pray try to be serious a few minutes; explain yourself, child---Have patience, my dear---It had, perhaps, been better for Sir *Charles* if he was not endued with so much of that good quality---Delays are dangerous; yet, to say truth, the honest man cannot be accused of any great share at present, and I try it sufficiently; my mind changes twenty times a-day; any thing to prolong my sovereign power, which ceases, alas, as soon as I pronounce the fatal, dismal, sober, Yes---Oh, that vile *Thursday*, what horrid strides does it take!--It rejoiceth as a giant to run its race---Ah, it will be here before I am half determined to bid it welcome---Now I will tell you what, *Dorinda*; this *Mountague*, this charming *Harry*, is, like me, on the very brink of that precipice, Matrimony---Suppose then, by way of a little variety, we were to make a fair exchange; no harm in that, you know---Hush---I have done---Now for plain, literal, serious matter of fact---Well then, I this morning---but to tell you my amazement, that, however, is impossible,

possible, so I will even defer it till some other opportunity, when I am more equal to the task
---Comes a letter, folded *billet-doux* like---A blush! a gentle flutter!---for I received it in presence of my intended---if heaven endue me with a sufficient measure of constancy---husband---
Away I hurried, smash went the seal; with eager eyes I ran over the contents. But guess my surprize---A most elegant and no less eloquent epistle---From who do you think? O, do not rack your brain, you will never guess---Not from the divine *Mountague*, I assure you, but from his father---Aye, there you have it
---Well---I deal mightily in that pretty word to-day---A good sign---All is well that ends well---But to proceed; that is a more stately beginning, or rather continuation of my narrative. This said letter informed me his son was arrived from abroad, handsome as an angel, I dare say, though, in his haste, the good man omitted that particular. Secondly, that he was, in a few days, to be married to a Lady every way amiable. Thirdly and lastly, the fair one greatly approved of by his friends; then followed flourishing apologies, fine compliments, &c. &c. on hinting at a certain event, wherein the fair *Delia* had some small share. Next a request, which, if complied with, would give him amazing satisfaction, viz. that my Ladyship and spouse---there he is a little misinformed---Not yet admitted to that honourable title---would favour him with our presence on the occasion, in honour of which a masquerade ball is to be given at his daughter's, or rather at

her Lord and Master's---Now as our house is not at any very great distance, and as, which I believe I before mentioned to you, Mrs. *Grandison* is not unknown to that family ; if she and the rest of our guests, my dear Lady *Juliet*, her Lord, &c. who are now here, and perfectly intimate with the *Delavalls*, would likewise grace these said intended nuptials---why then, my dear, there would be no bearing their happiness---All this I read, and read with great delight---And having composed my face into a most becoming gravity, down I sailed to communicate, after a proper degree of trifling, the important news---At the stair-foot I saw Sir *Charles*, who, lover like, was watching to catch a glimpse of his goddess---He offered to take my hand as I descended---Do not now figure to yourself a long unproportioned arm, stretched out half the length of the stair-case ; he first ascended a few steps, then essayed the gentle freedom, but it was withdrawn, and a mysterious air assumed---I have received a letter, Sir *Charles*---Then I sighed---Good heavens, cried he, struck all of a heap at my reserved sober manner, you terrify me to death ; he has told me so a thousand times, yet is alive to this hour---No bad news, I hope---Speak, my lovely angel, what is it that has thus thrown a cloud over your late smiling countenance ?---Why not, express yourself poetically ; this line would have exactly suited you :

Your face is like an *April* morn,
Dimm'd by a watry cloud.

But

But come, Sir *Charles*, smiling, here is my hand ; he pressed it less cordially than I expected---Ah, there is no knowing how to deal with these men ; the least condescension ruins them---Now, continued I, if you will promise me not to be jealous at my receiving this tender *billet-doux*---No duelling, remember---Had I a chance of becoming a young widow, indeed ; but there is no hopes of that yet, you know, therefore I prohibit duelling---You are likewise to be most intolerably grateful for the favour of my showing you this lover-like epistle---Ah, none of your grave looks---None of your clouds---He kissed my hand with no bad grace, I assure you, called me his dear trifler, and led me into the parlour---There he received my commands to read, in an audible voice, the polite, the elegant letter---Every body was pleased with its contents. *Harry's* story was generally known to our guests, who all express the highest satisfaction at his intended marriage, judging by that his grief had wore off during his travels ; for my part I can hardly forgive him, though his *Emilia* has now been dead---Heavens ! it is an age and a half since then---What frail man ever mourned a departed wife so long ? I believe I must in justice acquit him---Yet I took occasion, from his behaviour, sagely to animadvert on the inconstancy of the sex---Sir *Charles* warmly defended the male cause, the ladies joined their forces to mine ; neither would yield ; the beaux, though inferior in number, maintained the fight with tolerable success ; it was a drawn battle ; each sang *Te Deum*, though neither, in reality,

could boast of victory---Ah, your mamma is ill
 ---your journey is delayed---Horrid disappointment---But if you are not here on Sir *Charles's* day, or my day, in short, the day of days, woe be to you---In the mean time, I beseech you send me a masquerade habit---I can rely on nobody's taste but yours---Let it be immensely superb---Quite the very identical thing that you think elegant and genteel. Sir *Charles* says I look best in white---Well, then, to oblige the good man, let it be white and silver---Yet, no, don't---It will look so much *en bride*---Yet, I don't care---Do, if you will, that time will come at last; it is as well to accustom myself to it by degrees---Lady *Juliet* sends to town on purpose---Need I then trouble my friend---These horrid *Abigails*, if I trust to their choice I shall certainly be a fright---In talking on the subject this morning to honest *Betty*; I should think now, Madam, a bright yellow would do purely for your fine complexion---Well, to be sure it is the sweetest colour in the varsal world---O, is it friend? It is well I know your taste---Now, my dear, I must beg the favour of you--One would not sure look frightful---when one's alive, at least, whatever one may do when one's dead---and on such an occasion---This bride, too; handsome, I am convinced, or *Mountague* would not have made her his choice---He has, ere now, given proofs of his judgment---Once at least---Hem---Nay, you positively shall not see it, Sir *Charles*---How can you do so---A little female chat. My stars, *Dorinda*, I expire had he read this scrawl; yet he

he sometimes pretends to admire my easy stile
---I got rid of him, however, at the expence
of two kisses on each hand, a sigh, and a little
soft nonsense---O, remember I must have a
Venetian mask---None of your frightful visors
for me---I am not afraid it should rival the
charms of that it has the honour to conceal
---It is not amiss for your plain damsels to
make such a choice, because, when unmasked,
they may prove to the company, that, bad as
their face is, it is yet possible to shew a worse
---And do, my dear, send to my Jeweller, the
wretch has had mine to new-set this age and
a half---Without the necklace and ear-rings,
at least, I shall positively be an object---I am
out of conceit with those I have; yet they are
---No, they won't do, I have been looking at
them; not at all the thing---As to the particular
character of my habit, that is quite equal to
me---You know there are few that I have not
talents to support, from the sheep-hook to the
scepter—Hem!--O, Dress! thou inexhaustible
subject, thou everlasting female theme, what
woman can quit her pen when once engaged
on so noble, so edifying a topic!--I beseech
you, *Dorinda*, do not neglect the important
commissions I have thus taken the liberty to trou-
ble you with, and, for heaven's sake, be as
expeditious as possible---It must positively be
here before next *Monday*, or comes too late---
Adieu, my dear, I send you a thousand good
wishes; and, amongst the rest, one sincerely
ardent for your mamma's recovery. Yours,

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T

LETTER LXXV.

To Miss BOOTHBY.

CARRY this enormous packet with you to your closet---Shut the door---Compose yourself to a proper attention---Then listen to my tale---Matrimony is a favorite subject with you misses---Ah, Lord! that puts me in mind of my approaching fate---*Thursday* has stretched out its broad wings, and wants but a few days more to compleat its journey---Your mamma is better; I am sure she is---Come, then, if you love me---Now for my promised narrative---Stay, where shall I begin---O, without doubt, at the most striking circumstance, my masquerade habit---Elegant to the highest degree---You have an immensity of taste, my dear---All the world are in raptures with your choice---Sir *Charles* vow'd I was an angel of light---Press'd my hand---Began his everlasting theme, Matrimony---Hush, cried I, putting my hand on his mouth, (marring by it a most eloquently tender sentiment;) no melancholy subjects on this day of festivity; treasure up the sober things you was going to utter, against a dreary hour of idleness, when we are at a loss what to say to each other---You have that lesson by rote, and may at any time repeat it---The carriages were at the gate---He led me to mine with inimitable grace---By the way, his *Spanish* habit, which greatly became the majesty of his figure, made him no less worthy of encomiums,

encomiums, than my Ladyship-----Quite the thing, I assure you; nothing but a *Mountague* ---I doubt whether even he could eclipse him--- Away we drove---Lady *Juliet*, her Lord, my beau, and eke myself, in one coach; Mrs. *Grandison*, a Lady *Sunderland*, one of my intended relations, Lord *Murray*, and Sir *Edward Grandison*, in another. Properly divided, were we not? we laughed, we chatted; we had no occasion, which is often the case in a scarcity of mirth, to tell each other how prodigiously gay and happy we were, for we were really so, without the least force or constraint---After a pleasant journey, we arrived at Mr. *Delavall's* magnificent seat, where we mixed with a joyous throng of lively guests, who were assembled in a spacious apartment, elegantly decorated for the intended ball—I pass over a thousand compliments, a most polite welcome, a million of fine things that were said to me, particularly by the elder *Mountague*---His son did not, for some time, make his appearance--- Not in the least fatigued with our jaunt. We agreed to ramble in the delightful gardens, where the fine weather invited us---We wandered, as choice directed, each selecting the companions most agreeable to their taste---Lady *Juliet* was mine; she stopped, however, soon after, to admire the fine execution of an elegant temple---Now I, for what reason you may perhaps be able to guess, have no great *penchant* for these said temples---So on I tripped, leaving my friend to her meditations---A shady wood presented itself---I entered---When, behold the
sadly

sadly pensive *Mountague*, with folded arms and melancholy air, contemplating, with proper gravity, on his approaching dreary loss of freedom---The noise I made awaked him from his pensive reverie-----He starts, and in some confusion approaches, pays me his respects-----A few stammering apologies on his part-----On mine, a prodigious quantity of good nature, soon completes our reconciliation, and secures his pardon---I then wish him joy on his intended nuptials---He sighs---Ah, Madam, can you believe they will ever take place?---No, continued he with fervor, raising his eyes to heaven, I have lost my only love, and never will know another!----Look down, bright spirit, my angel *Emilia*, be witness to my constancy!---I was amazed---Asked what on earth he meant by talking thus strangely---Was not every thing prepared; how could he retract?---With all the composure imaginable, the answer was, that he had never given his consent; those who had, in spite of all his remonstrances, made such fruitless preparations, must take the consequence of their imprudence---He had given them the strongest assurances, that he never would comply with their design---But his father was obstinate; yet he would find, that, greatly as he in all reasonable instances revered his duty, he would not violate his sacred oath, even for a parent---They might act as they pleased, but should never alter his determined resolution to continue single---What the duce then, asked I, is all this parade for?---What will the lady think; can she ever pardon

don the indignity that is going to be offered to her charms?---You may not always, added I, smiling, meet with a fair one so pliable as my ladyship---He had the grace to blush, acknowledged my goodness, as he called it---Said a thousand obliging things; when I interrupted him, by renewing the subject of his marriage---I know no more than you, madam, said he, in what manner they propose to extricate themselves from the embarrassment, to which my constancy, or obstinacy, if they chuse to give it that name, will, no doubt, reduce them---I only know my own fixed resolves. This vaunted *Sophia*, lovely as she has been described to me, spite of all her graces, shall never supply the place of her I have lost---My ever adored, my beauteous *Emilia*!---Have you, then, never seen this fair one? asked I with surprise---No, madam! she has, ever since my return, been on a visit to an amiable foreigner, (he sighed,) who, from the noblest motives, has left her friends and country---You will one day know, and, I doubt not, be pleased with her story; at present, my mind is not enough at ease to relate it: that lovely woman, whom every one must admire, is particularly dear to my father's ward; to day, however, she consents to leave the fair recluse, and grace the ball that is given on her account---I tremble at the thoughts of seeing her---Yet the beauties, the graces of an angel, could not shake my constancy; could not efface the deeply engraven image of my departed love---While he spoke, the rest of the company made their appearance;

pearance; we immediately reasumed our masks and went to join them---The music now summoned us to the ball room, and tuned every heart but that of the disconsolate *Harry*, to gaiety and joy---Hardly were we assembled, when his father, who alone appeared *in propria personâ*, entered the apartment, leading a graceful female, dressed *en bergere*, quite in the *Arcadian* stile---Every body was struck with admiration at her elegant form, the inimitable grace with which she moved, and the fineness of her exactly proportioned shape, which her habit displayed to the greatest advantage---When Mr. *Mountague* presented her to his son, every one immediately guessed it must be the fair *Sophia*, his intended bride---I happened to be near him, and was, you may believe, very attentive to their behaviour---The masks concealed their emotion---But I could observe the young lady trembled while she paid him her silent respects; which, on his part, were as silently answered by a low and very respectful bow---On a whisper from his father, he led, or rather attended her, (for I think he did not take her hand,) to the upper end of the room, and performed such a minuet---Heavens! *Dorinda*, what a graceful pair!---I absolutely experienced a sort of diffidence, when I was soon after obliged to follow their example---Danced horribly, I really believe---There was no making any figure, after they had exhibited---Curiosity again led me to where they were---The dear creatures engrossed all my attention; and while others were uttering their *bon mots*, I was
all

all sober sadness, listening to the lovers, or rather those who ought to have been so—The shepherd did not express himself quite so eloquently as might have been expected, and the nymph was for some time totally silent—But when, at last she spoke.

Such strains never came from the linnet's sweet throat ;
Nor has the gay goldfinch so charming a note—

—Never did I hear a voice so affectingly melodious ; only love could tune it to such enchanting sweetness—*Harry* listened ; he paused ; his fine expressive eyes seemed endeavouring to penetrate through her mask, curious to know if the gentle, charming accents proceeded from a mouth as charming—Their eyes met—His emotions increased----The maiden sighed----A faintness seized her—She was obliged to sit down----Murmured something about excessive heat—I offered my salts—She revived—To my no small regret, a superb *Othello* now approached--The handsome *Moor*, to do him justice, supported his character with great spirit, but his *Desdemona* was a little absent—This impertinent (for such I at that time thought him) hurried me away, in spite of my remonstrances, and obliged me to mix in the dance—I found him an eternal talker—I know not if what he said was strange, but I am sure it was pitiful, it was wondrous pitiful, to see how I was pestered with his everlasting smartness, and fine speeches—A grave friar, at last, relieved me—Ah ! daughter, cried he, what do I see, one of the faithful engaged in conversation with an infidel !
—I fan-

—I fancy, father, answered I, his sable majesty does not think I am over-burthened with faith, since all his protestations of sincerity have not been able to persuade me to believe one word in ten that he has been saying to me—I commend you for that, daughter; it is we only that have a right to insist on implicit faith—Come with me, child, and let piety now, in its turn, have leave to plead—He offered to take my hand—Softly, father, cried a gay young *Frenchman*, ere you confess the lady, I should be glad to assist her in adding another small trespass to the score, by way of quickening her repentance; you will not have much the more trouble in wiping it off: What say you, *Bella Signora*? I come at a fortunate crisis; a mask and a priest are infallible signs of an intrigue—But methinks, his *Moorish* majesty there, is but a so, so, kind of choice—No wonder, however, cooped up as you have been, that you should make the most of your time, and snap at the first offer, ere you again ascend to your exalted prison, from whence you look down upon your lovers, from the awful height of a five-pair-of-stairs window—But rejoice, heaven sends you a better bargain—If I may take your word for it, said I—No, faith, madam, I have no desire you should be content with that—Ah, you need say no more, Chevalier, I am perfectly content—I turned from him—I yawned, *Dorinda*—Heavens, what a mortification, if my letter should produce the same effects on you!--Without being so minute, then, I shall only say, that much spirited raillery was given, and with as much spirit

spirit retorted-----Yet, nothing was said that spoke ill-nature, or could give offence---sprightly repartees flew from every quarter---All was life and gaiety. Even my talkative swain said some very good things, which, I have the vanity to think, were not ill answered---The sparkling champaign added not a little to the vivacity of our beaux---Admire, with me, the resolution of Sir *Charles*---Would you believe it, child? he absolutely had the grace to resist the tempting liquor---Not a drop was suffered to approach his lips; from which, however, uninspired with borrowed spirit, flowed a thousand sallies of lively wit---I had the goodness to reward his self-denial, by condescending to remark it; and, to compleat the favour, suffered him to press my unreluctant hand to his grateful heart---We were now summoned to a sumptuous entertainment; to which, leading the fair *Arcadian*, the elder *Mountague* conducted us---On the long extended table was displayed every thing that could please the eye, or gratify the most *Epicurean* taste---Here, every one unmasked---except the lovely intended bride, whose hand her conductor still held---Before we had leisure to place ourselves, he desired us, for a few moments, to favour him with our attention---A general silence immediately ensued---We all gathered round him---He next desired the charming *Harry* to approach; he did so, with a dejected melancholy, yet inimitably graceful air---Now, my friends, resumed his father, my noble guests, who have obligingly honoured me with your presence, be witness to the unjust obstinacy

stanacy of a son, whose happiness is dearer to me than my own; to secure which I have made choice of this lady: When you are acquainted with her various perfections you will, I doubt not, own with me, that, were my son a thousand times more worthy, he hardly could deserve so bright a treasure----Yet, hereunto, his perverseness has opposed all my endeavours to promote his felicity; but I would still hope, when once he has seen this lovely maid, he will do more justice to her charms---Ah, Sir, cried the disconsolate *Harry*, how you distress me? and into what a perplexing situation has your ill-judged tenderness, your mistaken solicitude for my happiness brought me?---Forgive me, madam, (turning with an air of sweetness to the lady,) even now you display a thousand graces; but let me intreat you not to unmask: Incapable of doing justice to your charms, since I must reject the honour that seems to await me, let me, at least, have it to plead in my excuse, that it was not the fair *Sophia* in particular, whose face I have never yet seen, and on whom I have no heart to bestow---For were you an angel, Madam, I must decline the honour to which I am permitted to aspire---Be more just than to look upon what is only the effects of my constancy, as an indignity offered to your charms, since to the fairest part of them I am yet a stranger---Pardon me, then, Madam, for I rather merit that than your resentment. I again, I must repeat it, I have, alas, no heart to offer: How then dare I ungenerously hope for yours? ---No, most amiable *Sophia*---honour some worthier

thier object by your choice, and think no more of a wretch, whose every joy is buried in the grave of her, whom alone his heart was formed to love---Hear me, heaven, added he, with fervor, while I renew my vow; hear me, thou gentle spirit, my *Emilia*, while I swear never to know another bride, never more to feel that fatal passion---Ah, say not so, my *Harry*, my *Mountague*, better I had died than that your *Emilia* should have no longer power to charm you---He started---My *Emilia*! repeated he---At that moment she unmasked---But judge of my inexpressible, infinite amazement!---As I live it was that very identical fair one---She flew into the arms of her lover, whose transport and surprize deprived him for some time of power to enjoy his exquisite happiness---My *Harry*, my constant *Harry*, cried the lovely maid, Ah, what has my rashness done---O, speak to me, it is your *Emilia* calls, she bathed his face with her tears. Every one crowded to his assistance; he recovered, but for some time seemed to doubt his senses. Is it possible! exclaimed he---Ah, if it is but a pleasing dream, may I never waken from the dear delusion---No, my heart tells me it is she, my eyes confirm the dear belief---My life, my love, my *Emilia*---He clasped her to his breast---An added joy diffused itself over every face; all eagerly congratulated him on the surprizing event---But he heard us not, lost in extasy; repeatedly he embraced his charming bride, who, on her part, with blushing sweetness, returned his tender caresses; while he spoke his transports, in broken sentences scarce intelligible,

intelligible, their first tumultuous emotions a little subsided; his father taking the hand of each, and looking at them with infinite satisfaction, You no longer, then, said he, smiling, refuse this offered bride---This charming ward, the precious deposite of my once valued friend ---The tears gently stole down the cheeks of the fair *Emilia* while he spoke---*Harry's* eyes too sympathized with her's, and paid a grateful tribute to her father's memory. Mr. *Montague* then joined their hands---May you, my son, continued he, study to deserve this inestimable gift. I now know her value, may you ever continue sensible of it---With her take a father's blessing, whose wishes are at last accomplished; while thus he beholds, thus shares the happiness of a beloved son; that son, that divine *Harry*, on his knees received the justly valued present---But to describe his looks, his graceful manner---I will take my death he is an enchanting creature; do not be jealous, Sir *Charles*. *Emilia*, who had long been preparing for this tender scene, though equally charmed, equally delighted, was yet more composed than her swain, and had the grace to pay some little attention to the calls of friendship, as well as love. She saw, and, with amiable sweetness, ran to embrace me, kindly declaring my presence was an addition to her joy. I, for my part, was in extasy, and, with my usual vivacity, poured forth the fullness of my heart in the warmest congratulations. She was going to thank me, when the impatient *Harry*, whose sparkling eyes had followed her, now came in person,

person, and robbed me of my friend. We had been in a kind of agreeable confusion; but a little more order began to take place. At Mr. *Delavall's* request we seated ourselves at table; *Harry*, as you may believe, next his beauteous shepherdeſs, whoſe hand he held, while his eloquent eyes ran over her charms with unutterable fondneſs---We, good ſouls, ſome of us incapable of love, others, whoſe hour was not yet come, and laſtly, ſome honeſt people, who, though they had been affected with that paſſion, yet now troubled themſelves very little about it, matrimony ſtaring them full in the face as an infallible remedy----Theſe, I ſay, made no contemptible figure. I except myſelf, however, in the eating way, and did ſome honour to the rich repaſt---That ceremony over, the amiable Mrs. *Delavall*, a moſt charming woman, I aſſure you, perfectly handſome, the very picture of her brother---Ah, enough ſaid---That lady favoured the company---As to *Harry*, he had no attention to ſpare for her narrative. It was ſufficient that his *Emilia* was again reſtored to him, no matter whether by miracle, or by more natural means; ſhe lived, and that was enough---But to us an explanation of an event ſo ſingular was not in the leaſt unwelcome---My curioſity at leaſt was upon the full-ſtretch---Heavens, *Dorinda*, I ſhall never compoſe my mouth again-- A yawn of an hour and a half long---I am dead and buried with the fatigue of writing; expect therefore only the heads of her tale, which in ſubſtance was this---She ſaid: After my brother left us, when
a lit-

a little recovered from my indisposition, which had the whole preceding day confined me to my apartment, I, tho' still far from being well, made shift, with some difficulty, to reach her's, where I meant, by shedding a few tears, to ease my heart; but judge of my surprize, when at the room door I met his father, who told me, in an extasy of joy, that she still lives, that her seeming death was only a swoon, from which she was now tolerably recovered. I was for immediately sending after my brother, to acquaint him with news that would fill him with such transport---But my father prudently opposed it, as her recovery was still so very doubtful; she continued for some days in a condition that kept us in the most painful suspense --The Physicians were in equal uncertainty---Nor durst we indulge too sanguine hopes, till some time after, you, Mr. *Harvey*, so kindly undertook the difficult task of consoling your friend; but you had not long left *England* when the most favourable symptoms appeared---In short, a few weeks restored her health---and with it our happiness---It was damped, however, by an event ---But I will not recall her grief---It was then my father formed the design, which *Emilia* did not long oppose, of putting *Harry's* constancy to the proof: Of trying if he had resolution to keep his vow, in the midst of temptations ---You ladies and gentlemen have seen the effect of his scheme, have seen fidelity rewarded, and a deserving lover blessed to the utmost of his wishes---I have most abominably curtailed the good lady's story---But no matter, you have

have the substance, if not the sum of it---Be thankful, child, and own I am the most obliging thing in nature ; for here I sit, regardless of my health, of my fatigue, of my dreadful yawns, my hand cramped to death, obstinately determined to omit no one particular that may satisfy your curiosity, and that before I close my eyes, in defiance of the injury such late hours may do my complexion ; but if I don't seize this opportunity, I see no prospect of writing again this age---*Thursday*, you know, will soon be here---And then, Ah, Lord---*Emilia*, whimsical enough it must be owned, much fonder of a certain ceremony than your friend, insists on its being repeated with more solemnity and decorum. When she last had the happiness of pronouncing that same irrevocable, *I will*, she was, she says, not in a condition to give proper attention to the awful vows she enjoined herself to fulfil---*Harry* murmured : Mr. *Harvey* turned casuist, and endeavoured to remove her scruples---But the elder *Mountague* was her advocate---Her every wish should be gratified---The church was, indeed, the fittest place in which to plight their faith ; if his guests would continue to honour them with their company, it should be done publicly, and with propriety, either to-morrow or the following day---*Harry* was a little refractory, but at last obliged to yield---At the same time tenderly pressing her hand, he smiling whispered a hope, that she would, after being indulged in what she called her necessary solemnity and decorum, pay a little more regard to her vow of obedience-----Would you believe it?---Heavens, *Dorinda*, I

have been teased to death---But since marriage is a necessary evil---and will come when it will come---e'en let them---Yet to be taken so unprepared---Ah, what could tempt me to bring any other cloaths with me---Had I omitted that, I should have had an unanswerable excuse---A marriage *en masquerade*, would have been a pretty frolic---But now---Well, I positively know not on what to determine---My stars, *Dorinda*, to be whisked into matrimony before a person has leisure to look about them; leisure to reflect---Though if I reflect all is over---I shall never have courage---And then, Sir *Charles* was so importunate---so---so---in short the creature spoke very much to the purpose---Well, then, I think I'll e'en---Ah, what a horrid yawn!---Again; nay, then it is in vain to hold my pen; I shall begin writing my dream; it is certain I am more than half asleep already---You may look upon the latter part of this enormous packet as such, if you please, and you will the less wonder should my mind change when I awake---Good night, you will find sufficient symptoms of drowsiness in this epistle---Come if you love your

DELIA STANHOPE.

L E T.

LETTER LXXVI.

To JOHN HARVEY, Esq;

YOUR truly consolatory letter, my amiable friend, has given me the utmost pleasure---Ah, Sir, you seem to take a generous interest in my welfare! What do I not owe you, (hapless orphan as I am,) for procuring me the valuable friendship, the kind protection, of people so every way worthy?---It was with infinite regret I parted from them---But was it not necessary?---Yes; you approve my conduct. Notwithstanding the fortitude with which heaven has enabled me to put in practice a resolution, which its sacred dictates inspired, I am yet, alas, in some respects, but too sensible of my weakness---But religion, which has sustained me in the most severe trials, will, I hope, ere long, totally engross all my affection, and exclude every other object---Happy in the company, in the tender friendship, of my amiable Mrs. Rowe, who supplies to me the loss of my ever regretted mother; happy in her gentle sympathy, I have nothing to lament, but the obdurate resentment of my incensed uncle, who, more exasperated at my change of faith, than even my flight, has solemnly sworn never to forgive me---But though my earthly friends abandon me, my heavenly father will not; and can, by his protecting favour, amply reward me for the sacrifice I have made---In this blissful retreat, where, bidding adieu to a too seducing world, I mean

to end my obscure and peaceful days, I promise myself a calm repose: The gay world might, perhaps, wonder at my choice, and think religion and retirement but a melancholy resource, for one in the bloom of youthful charms; but far otherwise do I find it; a thousand innocent pleasures are still in my power; pleasures that enoble, that purify the heart—Delighted with my kind protectress, charmed by her sensible, her engaging conversation, and edify'd by her pious example—I taste the sweetest unmixed satisfaction; and, while we sing a *requiem* to our sorrows, my soul extends its views beyond this little scene of things, and anticipates the joys of heaven, while I feel a sweet foretaste of the songs of angels----You have not, therefore, my worthy friend, any reason to lament my fate; believe me, I am not unhappy, nor ever can repent the step I have taken—Think of the danger I have avoided by my flight--- A hated Marriage, or a Convent! Then judge, if I have not reason to rejoice in my fortunate escape, to be satisfied with my asylum, though buried in retirement, for which I daily acquire a greater relish; nor shall I ever quit it---Farewell, Sir, tell your amiable friend, he shall ever have an interest in my prayers----Continue to me your valued esteem, and be assured it meets with a suitable return, from your obliged,

ISABELLA DE STAINVILLE.

L E T-

LETTER LXXVII.

*To Miss BOOTHBY.**Wednesday Evening.*

O Lord, *Dorinda*, they tell me I am married---A wife, to all intents and purposes. That bewitching *Emilia*, she looked so pretty, so demure, I must needs endeavour to copy her; yet I protest I was hardly come to any resolution, but unfortunately standing near the altar, not suspecting my danger, ere I was aware, Dearly Beloved began his reverend worship---- It was too late then to retract, you know---- There was no stopping him in a lesson he had so pat---What was to be done? Why really, my dear, I e'en put in practice my usual patience and resignation, and let them do as they would---Ah, here comes Sir *Charles*--- My husband must I call him?---What a strange awkward name.

Sir CHARLES takes the Pen.

Yes, madam, I have the honour to boast that envied title, and esteem myself the most fortunate of men; supremely happy, in that strange awkward name, your lively friend affects to ridicule---Permit me to hope for a place in your esteem. Come, most amiable *Dorinda*, and be a witness and a sharer in our mutual felicity. I must rob you, for some time, of your lovely correspondent--- Ah, madam, I cannot

admit any one to engross her attention, on this joyful day, but her adoring *Charles*!

Lady BRUDNELL resumes the Pen.

I wanted to have told you all how and about it, but he hurries me away—He will take no denial. This dear teasing *Charles*!--One moment; a few words about the other happy pair, and I have done---Dear Lady *Juliet*, take the pen---You see how the creature hurries me---This it is to be married; farewell Liberty---*Entre nous, Dorinda*---But keep my secret. I would not, were it in my power, resume the freedom I, without the least reluctance, have resigned---And now, with infinite pleasure and satisfaction, subscribe myself your sincere friend.

DELIA BRUDNELL.

Lady JULIET writes.

I take up the pen, to oblige your friend. Yet, what can I say to you, that your lively imagination may not easily suppose, without my assistance? Shall I say, that your *Delia* looks like an angel? That *Emilia* is sweetly---is divinely charming---That they both behaved with the most graceful modesty, during the solemn ceremony?---All this you may easily imagine---That Sir *Charles*---that *Harry Mountague*, are truly worthy to be distinguished, as they are, by two of the most lovely women in *England*, for whom their every action testifies
the

the most refined---the most delicate tenderness?
---That their dresses spoke the judgment, and
just taste of their wearers?---For the rest, a
noble entertainment---Music, mirth, and gaiety
---A numerous, yet select company of friends,
each striving to promote the general harmony,
and good humour---Adieu; I am summoned
to the ball---Would you were here, to partake
our universal joy.

I am,

MADAM,

With esteem, yours,

JULIET S.

L E T T E R LXXVIII.

To Mademoiselle DE STAINVILLE.

O Thou most amiable of women, thou
friend of my heart, how long will you
resist my repeated intreaties?---Ah, is it my *Isa-
bella* that refuses to compleat the happiness of
her *Emilia*, when it is thus in her power---No-
thing but your dear presence is wanting--Will
you then deny me that earnestly wish'd-for plea-
sure? Why should you not consent to live with
me? Where is the impropriety or danger? My
Harry greatly esteems you; it is too cold an
expression for the regard I rejoice to hear him
testify for one so amiable, so worthy his most
tender friendship---Come, then, my more than
sister, be likewise a sister to my dearer part,
my idolized husband: Heaven will reward the
sacrifice

sacrifice you have so nobly made, with a more desirable felicity than what you now enjoy---I have seen your charming letter to Mr. *Harvey*---Ah, my *Isabella*, there is a cloud of sadness amidst that seeming content, that angel resignation and piety that breathes through the whole of your dear epistle---You mistake the nature of that pure, that consolatory religion you have so happily embraced, if you think it requires any thing severe or unsociable; no, my friend, it inspires the truest cheerfulness; it even forbids that reclusive life which you have---I would still hope---not too determinately chosen. The innocent pleasures of the world are not in the least incompatible with the strictest profession of it---Come, then, my *Isabella*, and partake those that await you---Come, if it is only to taste that joy I know your sympathizing heart will feel in being a witness to mine---Our valued, our estimable *Rowe*, once talked of removing into our neighbourhood---Do not, I charge you, oppose her design; her company, her excellent example, will be a benefit to us all, and particularly agreeable to me---My *Harry* loves her for your sake: Let us then be but one family, a family of worthies---Mr *Harvey*---I know how highly you esteem that amiable man; he, too, is impatient to see you---Once more I repeat it---Come my *Isabella*, come and fill up the measure of my joy, Beauty, like your's, was never meant to be buried in obscurity. Some deserving, happy youth---I think I see the pretty gravity you assume at this hint, but it shall not dash my hopes of seeing you one day,
like

like me, quit, without reluctance, your maiden state, for the superior felicity of an endearing connection with the man you love---I have already no very faint idea of that amiable youth---You have reason to know it is no imaginary being; but one who, I give you warning, will soon make his second appearance at your pretty retreat: If you continue insensible to his charms and eloquence, I shall pronounce you an obdurate creature---Don't frown, my dear, I am determined to carry my point---Would to heaven you were here; I long to introduce to your acquaintance an engaging, lovely woman; she is my friend, and worthy being of your's; her lively wit and humour would, I am convinced, soon dispel that melancholy, of which, alas, I see but too many symptoms in your letter---Shall I resign the pen to my *Harry*? He comes very opportunely, if you can resist him---But what woman ever could?---Ah, who was ever so completely blessed as your thrice happy *Emilia*! He is going to add a few lines, (that angel husband!) hear him, *Isabella*, and do justice to his eloquence.

Mr. MOUNTAGUE writes.

If my *Emilia* fails to move, what hope remains for her *Mountague*? Yet let me join my fervent wish to her's---Ah, Madam, you once deigned to honour me with your esteem---I would still flatter myself I have some little share in your friendship, no words can speak the fervour of mine---Come, then, thou most noble of women,

men, be a sister to my love, to my *Emilia*; be mine too; I shall ever regard you with a dearer affection than if nature had given me that claim; listen then to the entreaties of your brother; that *Harry*, whose happiness, great as it is, will yet be increased by your presence. I am going to return the pen to my lovely Bride—Ah, what words can speak the extasy I feel, when, raised from the depths of despair, I am thus permitted to clasp to my constant heart that long lamented charmer---Will you not, Madam, be prevailed on to become a sharer in my joy? Will you not accept our protection? My father longs to supply the place of your parents---My friend my *Harvey*, too---What other inducements can I urge? need I? No, I would hope you will no longer resist our pressing importunity---Adieu, my amiable sister, you find me in haste to make use of the dear privilege of subscribing myself your brother with the warmest esteem,

HENRY MOUNTAGUE.

Mrs. MOUNTAGUE.

He gives me the pen, but what has he left me to say? nothing but that I am, with more tenderness than I can express,

Your true friend,

EMILIA MOUNTAGUE.

F I N I S.



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